

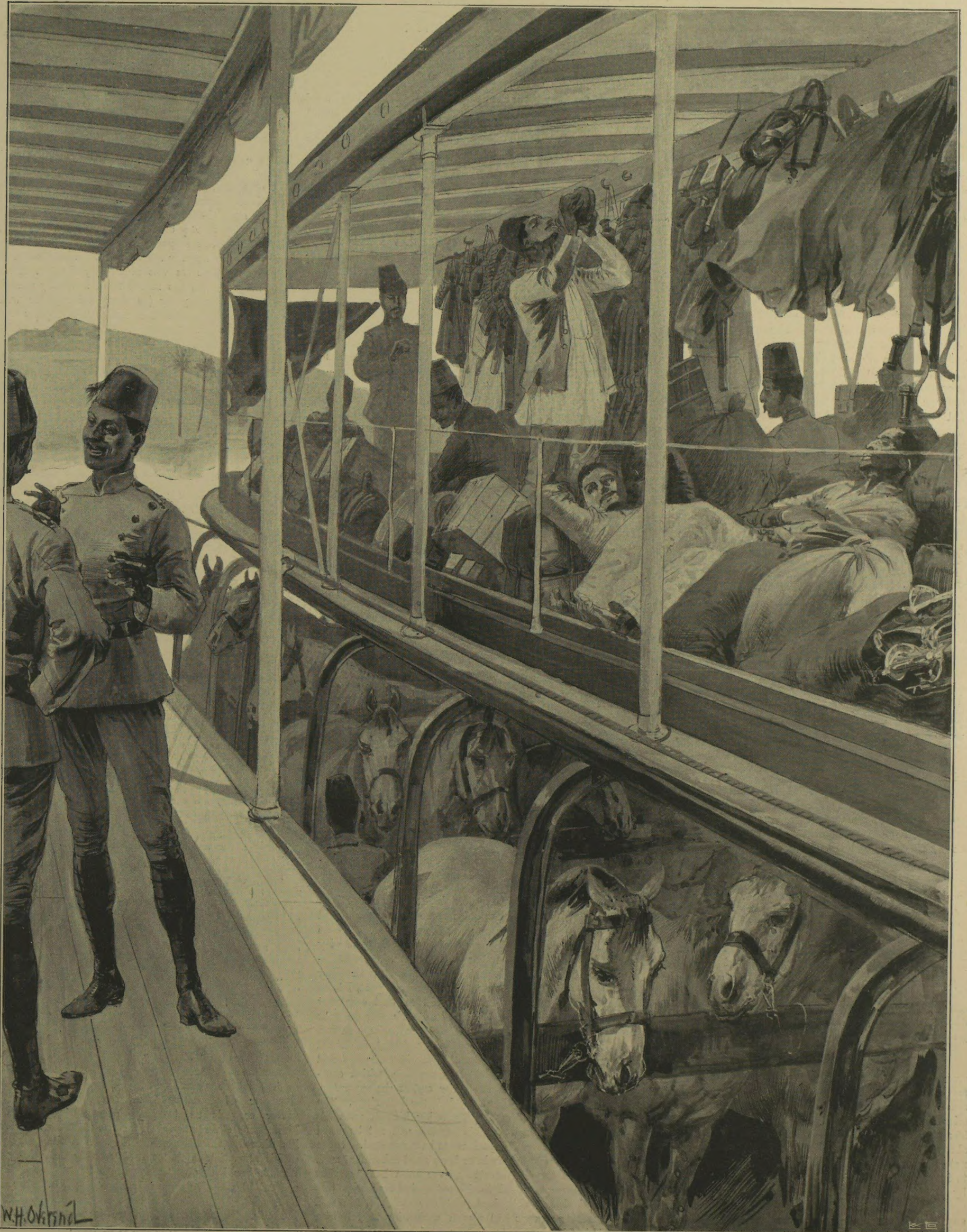
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SUPPLEMENT: } SIXPENCE.
PICTURES FROM THE NEW GALLERY } BY POST, 6½D.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE TROOP-DECK OF A NILE STEAMER.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is quite pleasant to see the old ghosts looking up again—the real old sort, and not the miserable spooks and astral bodies which have of late adopted “the untradesmanlike practice” of trading under their names. A beautiful young woman from the other world has been making her appearance at a nobleman's house, introduced by its temporary tenants, who took the place furnished, but with nothing of that kind. This is quite a new departure, and speaks well indeed for the resuscitation of our old favourites. Never before have we heard of a family taking a place in the country and bringing their own ghost with them—a female one, too—as though it were a bicycle or a photographic apparatus. One is curious to know how they took her: if they came by train, she could hardly have accompanied them without observation; but if by road, she must have had the sagacity of one of the *Spectator's* dogs to have reached her new abode; indeed, after so long a journey on foot one can hardly imagine her beginning “to walk,” as she is reported to have done, on the first night of her arrival. What seems very funny, the noble Lord is as indignant that these people should have brought their ghost with them as if it had been insects: he feels it is a great liberty, and writes to the papers that if, as he understands, the lady is staying on she must take the consequences—which, it appears, are pistol-bullets. “All the adult members of my family,” he says, “sleep with loaded revolvers by their sides, and do not hesitate to shoot.” Not nice for a guest who is a sleep-walker.

Another gentleman calls the attention of the Press to the fact that his three-years' lease has yet to run out of a mansion in which no servant can be got to stay, so awful are the sights and so gruesome the sounds which nightly pervade it. His lawyer tells him that he has no remedy, because the law does not recognise the existence of ghosts. This is hard, he says, since it is well known that the owner of the place would never pass a night in it without being “surrounded with dogs,” which, he adds, he could prove in a court of law. Why doesn't he do it? The Psychical Society would surely furnish a sufficient sum to get so interesting a fact duly testified to, and, indeed, I would subscribe something towards it myself. Think of seeing the proprietor of a haunted house cross-examined by a sceptical counsel before an incredulous Judge!

It is very justly observed against the pretensions of the modern apparition that he is not only futile but flippant, not at all conscious of his peculiar advantages, and certainly giving us a very bad impression of the manners of his (so to speak) compatriots. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that the grand old Ghost of the Past—even the historical one—was given at times to very undignified behaviour; nobody would object to his having his joke within the limits of becoming mirth, but when he wishes *desipere in loco*, he should not select places like the Tower of London to play the fool in. This happened with the Laird Bocconi, who had made an agreement with Lord Middleton that the first who died should appear to the other in extremity. Bocconi, having become a ghost, appears to his Lordship when “a prisoner under three locks,” and informs him that he shall escape in his wife's clothes. “After having delivered which message,” Aubrey tells us, “he gave a frisk and exclaimed—

Givenni, Givenni, 'tis very strange
In the world to see so sudden a change.

And then he gathered up and vanished.”

If one quarter of the attention we give to the reformation of our criminals was devoted to their early rescue from a life of crime, the nation would have a better record. But with a large and wealthy class of persons, it seems impossible to arouse sympathy for their fellow-creatures unless they have committed some enormity. The habitual ruffian is the object of their tenderest solicitude: he must not be “brutalised” by harsh treatment; his religious feelings must be appealed to; he must be “worked upon” by chaplains, and reasoned with by philanthropists; he is, in short, a most interesting case. In one jail in the United States they are trying the effect of plants upon him; if a burglar be got to cultivate a flower, they flatter themselves in time that he will himself blossom into something like it; and until he brains a warder with the flower-pot, the system will, no doubt, be persevered in.

Our English prison philanthropists, if not so sentimental, are no less credulous and ignorant of the class they delight to patronise. Their latest scheme for elevating long-sentence criminals is to provide them with lectures on scientific and interesting subjects, and the proposition has been sanctioned by the authorities. This idea has always been looked upon with favour. Convicts ought not, perhaps, to be amused; but what right have we to increase the punishment the law has decreed them by the infliction of scientific lectures? Is anyone so sanguine as to believe that they can be interested in anything of the kind? They are human after all, and have a natural dislike to have information forced upon

them, over their heads, upon matters for which they care nothing at all—

As though one had taken sour John Knox
To the Opera at Paris, Vienna, or Munich,
Fastened him into a front row box,
And danced off the ballet in trousers and tunic.

Judging from Mr. Knox's weakness for the fair sex, as exemplified by his marriage at sixty with a young person of sixteen, I always thought the poet rather unhappy in his personal illustration of compulsory attendance, but the principle is the same. How should *we* like to be addressed on bimetalism with the doors locked? The only way in which convicts could be interested in scientific lectures would be to select subjects suitable to their taste and habits. The art of forgery, for example, might be agreeably treated, and illustrated with “flash” notes of a high class; while the manufacture of the centrepiece and the jemmy, with an explanation of the comparative merits of the safe and the lever, would be listened to with rapt attention.

If it be true that Mr. Wilson Barrett is going to test the histrionic capabilities of the inferior members of his company by giving them the principal parts of the play in course of production at his theatre, with himself and the present actors for their audience, he is doing a very creditable, though, we are told, not an unprecedented thing. One can imagine the idea not being popular with ladies and gentlemen who have already made their reputation on the stage; but what an opportunity he thus affords to those who have, at most, but one chance of distinguishing themselves—that of the understudy when his or her chief becomes suddenly indisposed. Once or twice under such circumstances an unknown performer has found the opportunity a road to fame and fortune; but how seldom can it possibly happen!—about as often as a member of the junior Bar has similarly made a stepping-stone of his invalided leader to higher things, or an ensign become a captain through the providential destruction of all his seniors. I would rather be present at such a performance as this one promises to be than at the most-talked-about “first night.” Think of some poor stage servant who has hitherto only appeared in order to hear the leading gentleman exclaim “Begone, Sirrah!” developing his fitness for the best part in the piece, and the disgust of the leading gentleman at seeing him do it. The humorous part of the proceeding will, however, probably be the manner in which boxes, pit, and gallery will be ignored, and all the efforts of the performers be directed to the fountain of honour, as when the presence of the London manager monopolised the attention of Mr. Vincent Crummies' company. Actors have hitherto been accused of a jealousy beyond the common, a charge which this proposal ought to dispel; for in no other calling but that of the stage could such an opportunity be invented for discovering latent genius, and one may confidently add that even if it could, in no other would it be hazarded.

Some educational persons have been known to enjoy the use of the cane: it is even hereditary; for one remembers that Master Squeers looked forward, so far as his filial feelings would permit him, to the time when his father should have ceased from his labours and his sceptre should fall into his hands; then, he once remarked with emphasis, though his aspiration was never realised, “Won't I make them” (that is the boys of a future generation) “squeak again!” A pupil-teacher in Lancashire seems to have had no desire to beat the boys under his charge, but a strongly developed taste—such as King John exhibited towards his Hebrew financiers—for pulling their teeth out. He had a perfect passion for amateur dentistry: he always gave his pupils the alternative of the forceps or the cane; and what strikes one as rather strange—but then one doesn't know *how* he caned, and he was certainly strong in the arm—they invariably chose the forceps. Just as one knows a horse's age by his teeth, so you could always tell whether a boy at this school was a good boy or otherwise by their presence or absence.

Angling is said to be the contemplative man's recreation; but a contemplative man would not be a very successful angler. If he were not always on the watch for a bite he would not catch many fish, and this sentry duty is very wearisome; there are so many false alarms. As for fly-fishing, it needs an uninterrupted attention which other pursuits demand from us in vain; but for my part, I have never got beyond float-fishing. Even in that case how necessary it is to be on the alert to note whether the bobs are genuine or forgeries, which is a bite and which is a nibble! An invention has now been discovered which will do away with the necessity for this sacrifice of time and thought. A spring is attached to the line, which communicates with a bell at the other end of the apparatus, and directly a fish swallows the bait the bell rings. The fisherman may henceforth really enjoy himself with his novel in the confidence that his services will not be asked for unless there is really business to be transacted. Some blind men are recorded to have been good fishermen, such as the late Professor Fawcett and Sir John Fielding, but they, of course, required intelligent assistance; with this tell-tale bell any attendant will suffice. We are told that Fielding always had a man with him to tell him when his float began to sink; experience made him at

last say “Strike, Sir John,” instead of “Sir John, strike.” One cannot help thinking that a true fisherman would under such circumstances have dispensed with his title altogether.

The papers have been giving us various translations of Walter de Mapes' Confession—

Meum est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori—
“Deus sit propitius huic potatori.”

That of John Addington Symonds is, upon the whole, pronounced to be the best—

In the public house to die is my resolution;
Let wine to my lips be nigh at life's dissolution;
That will make the angels cry with glad elocution—
“Grant this toper, God on high, grace and absolution.”

But surely the jovial priest had a still better exponent in that prince of translators, Leigh Hunt—

I devise to end my days in a tavern drinking;
May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking,
That the Cherubim may cry when they see me sinking—
“God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking.”

Everyone by nature hath a mould which he was cast in;
I happened to be one of those who never could write
“fasting.”

By a single little boy I should be surpass'd in
Writing so; I'd just as lief be buried, tomb'd, and
grass'd in.

Though one may not agree with the gentleman who has told us that all the plots for novels have been used up, yet one may be very glad to welcome a new one, or even a combination of old ones; and if it have freshness or simplicity of style in addition, one should be the more grateful. This is the case with “Loveday.” It is no novelty to describe a shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall in the old times when “*Vivat Wrecks*” was the Cornish motto, and saving lives was much less thought of than landing cargoes; but the rescue from a watery grave of Mr. Macdonald and party (as the hotel register would have described them had there been an hotel) has much originality about it. Loveday is Mr. Macdonald's niece, and is saved, with his daughter Sophia, by Hugh Penrose at the risk of his life, without many thanks from any of them. He gives them welcome at his mother's farm, where they make themselves very much at home. About this hospitality they are also not effusive; but the two girls are pretty, and the father is not only handsome and agreeable, but has another advantage in the Widow Penrose's eyes. As he is introduced to her by her son, he says in his mellifluous voice, “Madam, I cannot express my feelings for your kindness. Your son made a little mistake in my name—a small one; but with all gone, we must stick to what we have.” (This bull must be a slip of the author's, since his hero is Scotch and not Irish.) “But I have a small prefix”—he glanced under his thick eyebrows at Loveday with a twinkle of his eye—“Sir James Macdonald at your service!” Even in the recesses of Cornwall a title has its weight, and from the first it attracts Mrs. Penrose. His tales of Dramossie Castle and of the devotion of his feudal vassals to his person make a great impression upon the simple mistress of Trosa farm. Indeed, he influences everybody but Hugh, and becomes the leader of the lawless population of the neighbourhood and prompter of their most audacious acts. The pretty Loveday is devoted to her clever relative, but has certain honourable scruples. When Hugh and she are sitting together alone one evening she suddenly observes—

“You might get rid of us in a week.”

Hugh mumbled that he hoped they would stay as long as they found themselves comfortable.

“That is it. If you make us comfortable we may stay for ever. “You look aghast,” she laughed; “you have not much politeness in you. Now, Tam o' the Pent and Andy Briggan would have begged us to stay for ever in their huts.”

“I am not Tam o' the Pent.”

She laughed and laughed again.

“You are not,” she said, wiping her eyes; “indeed you are not. Now I am giving you advice: get rid of us!”

She leant forward and looked into his eyes.

“Get rid of us.”

He stared at her with open mouth, bewilderment in his eyes.

“Oh, you handsome gowk!” she cried, with an impatient movement of her shoulder. “Gowk is a Scotch word—we come from Scotland, you know—it means a very clever person. Well, gowk, get rid of us!”

“We don't turn people out of doors in Cornwall,” said Hugh stiffly. He was uncomfortable at being called handsome, and he was sure she was poking fun at him. He did not know the meaning of “gowk,” but he was positive that it did not spell clever person.

“Have things your own way, then. I do not want to leave Trosa, but I thought, after your saving my life, I ought to—but there! I cannot make the blind to see or fools wise. We must just gang our own gait, as we say in Scotland, and warm ourselves when the sun shines.”

Smuggling Hugh could regard with charity; but when Sir James takes to “stripping ships” and not being very particular as to there being any survivors, Hugh is roused at last to the necessity of getting rid of him. The character of Macdonald is admirably drawn. The writer compels us to have a sneaking regard for him, though we suspect from the first much more to his discredit than his neighbours. But the great proof of his attraction is that Loveday really loves him; and though her better nature prompts her to warn Hugh against him, Sir James never loses her affection. What he has done to deserve to lose it must be left to the author to relate. Though the little drama is practically confined to a single household, it is full of interest.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW GALLERY.

(See Supplement.)

The pictures brought together for the summer exhibition, although of fair average merit, include none of striking importance, and not one which stands out as "the picture of the year." Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the mainstay of the New Gallery, is represented by only two works—"Aurora" (140) and "The Dream of Launcelot" (165). The latter is in keeping with other illustrations of the Arthurian epic with which the painter's name is associated. Launcelot is here represented at the door of the Chapel of the San Graal, which he is not allowed to enter. He has fought his way through the dangers and has triumphed over the obstacles which barred the road, but the guardian angel of the shrine is inflexible, and Launcelot's dream will soon become a waking reality. There is a coldness and barrenness about the whole scene, upon which not even the angel-radiance can throw warmth, which is finely allegorical; but it is doubtful if the picture will ever attain the popularity which surrounds other similar works by the same artist. The treatment of "Aurora" is far more subtle and original. A single female figure, on whose grey-green drapery the first rays of rosy-tipped morn are falling, is going round the walls of the embattled city, striking her cymbals as she speeds along the narrow planking on which the watchmen and sentries pace secure from outside foes. The arrangement of the scene is simple in the extreme, and the colouring of the break of day upon the granite walls and towers is in Sir E. Burne-Jones's happiest style. Mr. G. F. Watts contributes several allegorical studies, of which the colouring is the most attractive feature. His most important work, "Time, Death, and Judgment" (79), seems to belong to some earlier period, when such subjects occupied his whole attention. The two figures in the foreground—Time defiant with his scythe, and Death typified by a woman with downcast face gazing pitifully at the dead flowers she holds in her mantle—are fine conceptions, treated with Mr. Watts's accustomed reverence and poetic feeling. Behind these stands erect but with averted face the figure of Judgment, his sword pointing downwards as if unwilling to strike. Two other smaller, but more charmingly conceived subjects are inspired by the story of the Fall, "Naked, but not Ashamed" (136), and "They knew that they were Naked" (141). Of these the latter is most completely harmonious in its rich colouring, the figure of Adam in the former occupying too much prominence. The allegorical figure of "Earth" (67), a red-haired girl bearing fruit and flowers in her lap, is more conventional in design, and is chiefly interesting on account of its Venetian warmth of tone. Mr. Alma-Tadema is represented by a small family group (87), in which his wife and her two sisters and a brother-in-law are crowded into the foreground, while, as on a former occasion, the artist himself mingles in the family circle through the medium of a looking-glass. The likenesses, as might be expected, are excellent, but the picture is little more than a *tour de force*, and in attractiveness falls far below "The Ring" (73), a pair of Flemish lovers sitting in a deep bay window, painted by Mrs. Alma-Tadema with consummate

taste and delicate illumination. Those who pursue their inspection as far as the Balcony, will there find a third instance of the family talent in Miss A. Alma-Tadema's "Hope—the Phoenix" (343), which is especially interesting, as showing in what proportion the daughter inherits the aptitudes and taste of her parents.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.

The marriage on April 20 at Coburg of Princess Alexandra, the third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha (who are their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh), one of the grandchildren of our Queen, must be an interesting event for the English as well as for the German nation. Her bridegroom is the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, eldest son of the Imperial Statthalter or



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT COBURG:
PRINCE ERNEST OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell.

Lord Lieutenant of Alsace and Lorraine, one of the great personages of the German Empire. The Emperor William II., cousin to the bride, with the Empress, arrived from Vienna, where they had been visiting the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, to enhance the interest of this occasion; while the Duke and Duchess of York, also the bride's cousins, had come from England; Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, a Hohenzollern and brother-in-law to the bride, was also present, so that it was quite a royal and princely family gathering. The proceedings were, however, remarkably simple; beginning with the civil act of marriage, which was performed in the audience-hall of the Ehrenburg Schloss or palace by Herr von Streuze, Minister of State, the Duke of York and the Grand Duke Paul of Russia acting as witnesses. A procession was then formed to walk to the Schloss-Kirche, or chapel, for the religious ceremony. The officiating clergy were the Right Rev. Dr. von Müller, Superintendent-General (or Lutheran Bishop), Superintendent the Rev. Dr. Bahnsen, and the Rev. Dr. Hansen, Court Chaplain. The wedding breakfast was served in the throne-room of the Ducal Palace.

THE MATABILI INSURRECTION.

Of more urgent and exciting interest just now than any other news is that from Matabililand concerning the defence of Buluwayo, with its garrison of six hundred white men, almost surrounded by at least twenty times that number of savage assailants. A series of sharp conflicts on the Umguza River, three, four, or five miles to the north-east of the beleaguered town, against about four thousand Matabili, took place on Monday, April 20, and subsequent days. In the first encounter, Captain Napier, who commanded, with two hundred men, made a reconnaissance of the enemy's strength and position, and there was brisk skirmishing, but no general engagement. A Maxim gun became jammed, and could not be used, but forty or fifty of the Matabili were killed. They had erected stone "scherns" or bulwarks, while some were concealed in the thick bush. Mr. Duncan and Mr. Selous on Wednesday accompanied Captain Napier in a second encounter with the enemy, who were driven back after three hours' fighting; they formed a line along the north bank of the river four miles long. Two or three English police troopers were killed, and Lieutenant Hook was severely wounded; others had a narrow escape of their lives. Mr. Selous had his horse killed under him while crossing the river. On Saturday, April 25, a third battle was fought, on or near the Umguza, by three hundred men, including loyal natives, with one Maxim and one Hotchkiss machine-gun, all under the command of Captain Macfarlane, against three thousand Matabili, whose front, extending in the form of a crescent with long horns, bent inwards at each end to inclose the small defending troop. The fighting continued some hours, until the defeat of the enemy, with many killed by the machine-guns. An Afrikander corps, a hundred "Cape boys," an equal number of friendly natives, led by Messrs. Taylor and Bissett, with Mr. Grey's scouts and Captain Dawson's troop, are noted for their prowess in this conflict. The Englishmen killed in this fight were H. G. Whitehouse, B. Parsons, C. Gordon, and E. Appleyard, the last dying later of his wound; one or two others have since died, and Mr. Roland Venables Lovett was severely wounded. Another battle, in which the Matabili were defeated with great loss, took place on Monday, April 27. There is a relieving force of six hundred men under Colonel Plumer, with food and ammunition, from Mafeking, expected to reach Mangwe, the fortified post on the Tati road, south of Buluwayo, on May 7. This is the only road still open.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

The transport of Egyptian troops and military stores from Assouan to Wady Halfa being completed, our Artist's sketches of the Nile steam-boats employed in that service, and of scenes at the landing-places, now testify rather to a past phase of the expedition, although during last week the steamers were busied in bringing up from Korosko a large number of camels, to be used in the further advance; six camel corps, formed of men of the Shagya tribes in Nubia, having been organised for scouting purposes. The troops have already been stationed at their appointed posts, as far as Akasheh, and communications will be easily maintained by the telegraph and the railway at Sarras, beyond the Second Cataract. There is no appearance of the enemy intending to attack those advanced positions just now.

Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. Prince Philip of Coburg. Crown Prince of Roumania. German Emperor. Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Grand Duke Paul of Russia. Duke of York. Grand Duke of Hesse.



Princess Féodore of Saxe-Meiningen. German Empress. Princess Philip of Coburg. Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg. Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia. Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. Duchess of York. Princess of Leiningen. Grand Duchess of Hesse. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg. Princess Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: THE WEDDING PARTY.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell, Baker Street, W.



DUKE ALFRED OF COBURG AND THE PRINCE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG.
THE FATHERS OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



THE GUESTS WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, April 29, left the Riviera on her return to England with Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, travelling by railway from Nice to Cherbourg, and crossing the Channel to Portsmouth to arrive at Windsor on Friday evening. Her Majesty, before leaving, bade farewell to the Governor and municipal authorities of Nice, thanking them for attentions paid to her there, and conferred knighthood upon Dr. James Harris, the British Consul.

The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, arrived at Monte Carlo on Saturday, April 25. Their Royal Highnesses were met by the Dowager-Empress of Russia, who is attending her invalid younger son, the Czarevitch, brother to the Czar Nicholas II., at the Villa des Terrasses.

The Princess of Wales, on Thursday, April 23, the day before her departure from London with her daughters, held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on behalf of the Queen. Among those of the royal family present were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

The Prince of Wales held a Levée, on behalf of her Majesty, at St. James's Palace on Wednesday, April 22, and next day accompanied the Princess of Wales in holding the Drawing-Room. His Royal Highness again held a Levée on Monday.

The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Copenhagen on April 23 as guests of the King and Queen of Denmark. They will on May 11, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, go to St. Petersburg for the imperial coronation.

The resignation of the Ministry of M. Bourgeois in France, mentioned last week, took place in consequence of a vote in the Senate, 171 against 99, refusing to consider the account of expenditure in the Madagascar War unless a Government were formed possessing the confidence of both Chambers. On Thursday, April 23, the Chamber of Deputies, which had, three weeks before, passed, by 309 votes against 213, a resolution expressing such confidence in the Ministry, listened to a declaration read by M. Bourgeois, and resolved "once more to affirm the preponderance of the elect of universal suffrage, and to carry out the policy of democratic reform." The Ministry, however, formally tendered its resignation to M. Faure, the President of the Republic, by whom it was at once accepted. After consulting with M. Brisson, M. Poincaré, and other Parliamentary politicians, the President, on Saturday evening, asked M. Sarrien to form a new Cabinet; but he has found himself unable to do so, and M. Méline has been invited to undertake the task.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria arrived in Paris from St. Petersburg on Saturday evening, accompanied by his Minister, M. Stoiloff, as a guest of the French Government, and was received with particular honours. His Highness has since gone to Berlin, and will attend the Moscow coronation.

The Ambassadors of all the six European Powers at Constantinople have joined in a protest against the Sultan's appointment of a Mussulman Kaimakam or Governor of Zeitoun, an Armenian town and district, which it was stipulated should have a Christian Governor.

The King of Sweden has been staying at Cannes, and visited her Majesty Queen Victoria at Nice a few days ago; he has left for Paris.

At Athens, on April 23, the funeral of M. Tricoupis, the eminent Greek statesman, was attended by the King, the Princes, and all the foreign Ministers. A strike, accompanied with rioting, has broken out among the labourers employed in the silver mines of Laurium, which are worked by a French company. Some buildings were destroyed, and several men were killed or wounded in a conflict with the troops.

The Government at Madrid declares that its prospect of suppressing the rebellion in Cuba is becoming more favourable, that the insurgents lack ammunition, and that fifteen hundred in one district have come in to make their submission. It is stated that General Munoz has defeated a rebel force of 3500, led by Rabi and Rodriguez, who were besieging Fort Jauza, near Manzanilla. On the other hand, New York telegrams report that Maceo, one of the chief insurgent leaders, who was surrounded by the Spanish troops, has forced his way through them to a

more secure position; and that Maximo Gomez, who seems to be the head of the revolutionary movement, has appointed Calixto Garcia to the chief command of its forces. There is no sign as yet of any intention of President Cleveland at Washington to recognise the Cuban insurgents as a belligerent Power. Cuban bonds, however, are issued with great success in the American Stock Exchange.

Li-Hung-Chang, the Chinese Envoy Extraordinary, sent to attend the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas II. at Moscow, has passed through the Suez Canal, Dardanelles, and Bosphorus, and across the Black Sea to Odessa; the Japanese Marshal Yamagata, coming to Europe on the same occasion, having crossed the Atlantic from New York, landed at Havre on Saturday, and has gone to Paris.

The military operations of the Anglo-Egyptian forces in the Soudan, both in strengthening the positions recently occupied on the Upper Nile and in repelling the Dervishes led by Osman Digna around Souakim, on the eastern side, near the Red Sea coast, are continued with much activity. On the banks of the Nile, from Wady Halfa to Akasheh, the work of conveying stores and constructing the Sarras railway, the telegraph-line, and a road between Wady Atireh and Ambigol, is all but completed; a regular patrol watches over the safety of the communications between the several posts. The enemy, to the number of four thousand, have gathered between Souarda and Mograkeh. The force under command of Lieutenant-Colonel G. E. Lloyd, in the Erkowit Hills, to the south of Souakim and Tokar, a detachment of which had a conflict with the Dervishes on April 15, has not yet been able to find the exact whereabouts of the main body of the enemy, Osman Digna having shifted his camp at Horasab, retreating

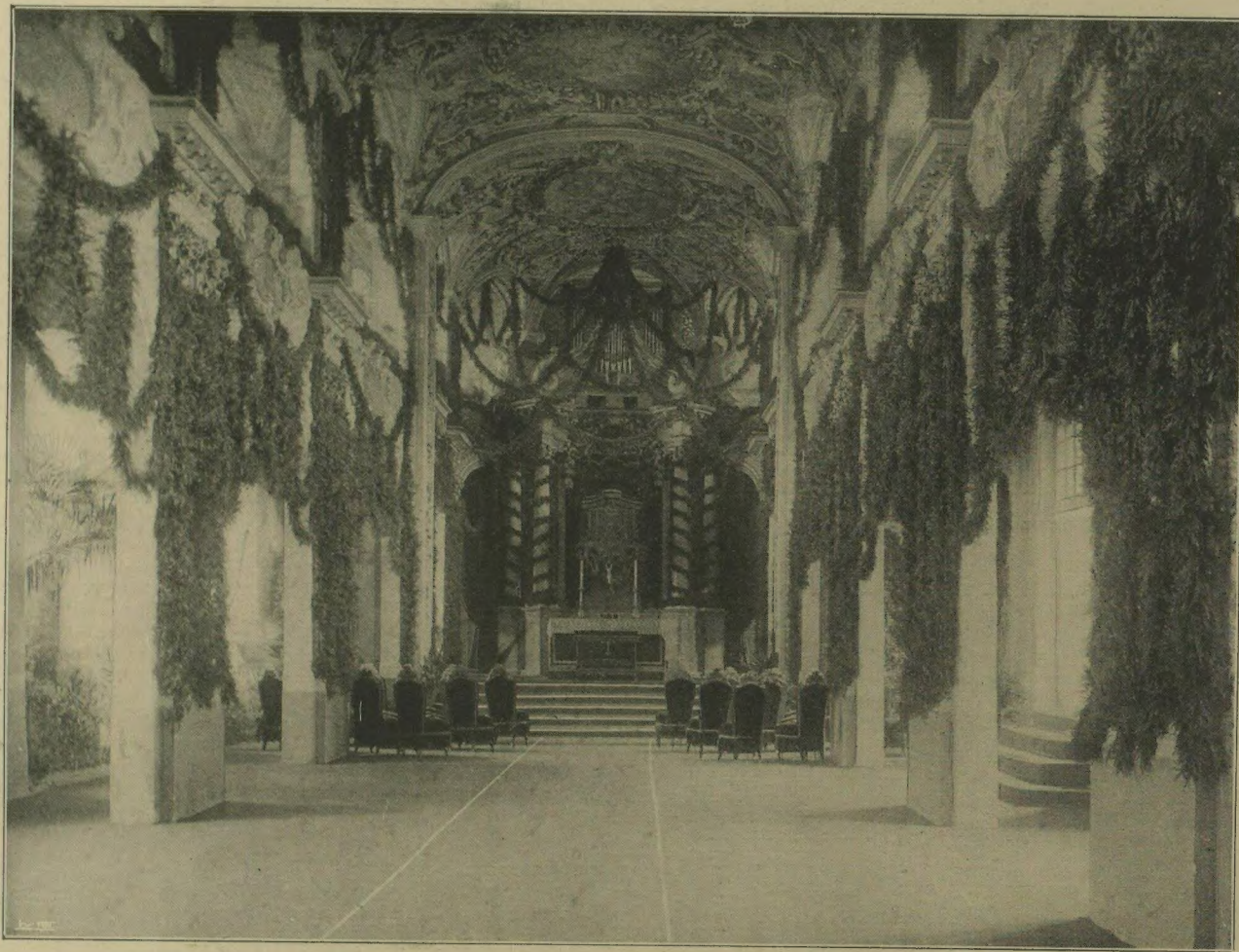
Government, and *lesio majestatis*, or infringement of the sovereign authority, took place on Friday, April 24. Judge Gregorowski, of the Orange Free State, had been invited to preside instead of any of the Transvaal Judges, and a jury had been summoned consisting of naturalised citizens of English or foreign birth. The prosecution was conducted by the State Attorney-General with four assistant counsel, and the accused had five barristers for their defence. Mr. Lionel Phillips, Mr. Percy Farrar, Mr. John Hays Hammond and Colonel Frank Rhodes pleaded guilty to the first charge of the indictment—that of high treason. The trial was adjourned to Monday, when some evidence was given of the connection between these leaders at Johannesburg and Dr. Jameson. A written statement vindicating their intention was put in by Messrs. Phillips, Farrar, Hammond, and Rhodes; and Advocate Wessels addressed the Court on their behalf. The Court gave judgment next day, when sentence of death was formally pronounced, in accordance with the old Roman-Dutch code of law, upon those who had pleaded guilty to the charge of high treason. Many others of the accused were sentenced to fine and imprisonment and expulsion from the Transvaal. A telegram has been sent by Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Hercules Robinson, instructing him to communicate instantly with President Kruger, and to say that the British Government can feel no doubt that the sentence of death on Messrs. Phillips, Farrar, Hammond, and Rhodes will be commuted. Mr. John Hays Hammond is an American citizen, and the United States Government has already been informed by its Consul at Capetown that the capital sentence upon him will not be executed.

The adjourned examination at the Bow Street Police Court by Sir John Bridge, the magistrate, of the charges against Dr. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, and the other officers of the British South Africa Company and Bechuanaland Border Police, was resumed on Tuesday, when all the defendants appeared in court. The inquiry was again further adjourned to June 11.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour has taken the whole time of the House, with the reservation that Wednesday is to be restored to private members whenever the state of Government business will permit it. This was denounced by Sir William Harcourt on the ground that either the Government needed the whole Parliamentary time or they did not; but that was so obviously a mere debating plea that it produced no effect. If the public business should be so far advanced that Mr. Balfour can spare a Wednesday for a private member's Bill, there would be no sense in withholding this concession. The most interesting part of the debate on the disposition of the time was supplied by the Irish members. Mr. Balfour deftly pointed out that if Mr. Dillon and his friends wanted the Irish Land Bill,

they ought to give the Government facilities for carrying it. This put the Anti-Parnellites into a dilemma. They do not want to prevent the passage of the Bill, and they do not want to help the Government to get on with the business. Mr. Dillon at last suggested that his party would support Mr. Balfour's motion to take the whole time if the Land Bill had priority in the arrangement of the Ministerial measures. Mr. Redmond seized this opportunity to declare that the Parnellites would support the Government, and he charged the Nationalists with indifference to Irish interests. The Land Bill, said Mr. Redmond, was a much better measure than that of the Liberal Government, whose fortunes Mr. Dillon had preferred to those of Ireland. This was an effective thrust, and probably Mr. Dillon will have reason to repent having gone into the Lobby against a motion intended to ensure the passing of a Bill which the Irish people have certainly welcomed. Mr. Chamberlain explained that the Government had reluctantly withdrawn the invitation to President Kruger to visit England, and that the whole correspondence on this subject would shortly be made public. There is now a pause in an extremely delicate controversy, and at the same time no apparent progress is being made with the negotiations between Great Britain and the United States. Domestic affairs, however, are to be pressed by the Government with determination, for Mr. Balfour announced that at all costs he was resolved to carry the Education Bill and the Agricultural Rating Bill. Sir Henry Fowler attacked the latter measure on the score of what he termed the gross inequity of reducing rural rates, which are comparatively small, and leaving the heavy urban rates alone. This line of attack is adroitly chosen by the Opposition to embarrass the Unionist borough members, especially in view of the declaration of Mr. Whiteley, the Conservative member for Stockport, that the Bill is a great injustice to all urban ratepayers.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT COBURG: THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL ARRANGED FOR THE WEDDING.

By our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell.

towards Adarama when he became aware of hostile approach. His followers are reported to be suffering much from sickness and scarcity of food, and he has lost many horses.

Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief for South Africa, left England on Saturday for Capetown. He had an interview, just before quitting London, with the Prince of Wales. Earl Grey, a director of the South Africa Company, who has gone out from England to assist Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the government of its territories, would probably reach Bulawayo as soon as Mr. Rhodes, who was still on his way from Fort Salisbury in Mashonaland. The administration of affairs at Bulawayo was in the hands of Mr. A. T. Duncan, successor to Dr. Jameson.

President Kruger's reply to Mr. Chamberlain's invitation to come to London and discuss the best course for restoring amicable relations between the Government of the South African Republic and the Uitlanders at Johannesburg has been made public. The tone and language of this communication are sufficiently courteous, though he declines, in view of the approaching session of the Volksraad at Pretoria, to absent himself from his post of official duty. Indeed, we learn from a book of standard authority—Mr. John Noble's "Handbook of South Africa" (p. 485)—that the constitutional laws of the State positively forbid the President to leave the country without the consent of the Volksraad. That legislative body assembles on May 7, and is not at all likely to permit him to visit England at this moment for negotiations the basis of which has not yet been specified affecting the internal affairs of that Republic.

The trial at Pretoria, before the Supreme Court of the South African Republic, of the leading members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, upon the charges of high treason, conspiracy by force of arms to overthrow the lawful

PERSONAL.

President Kruger is insensible to the blandishments of the Colonial Secretary, but he cannot fail to be touched by the letter of Lord Coventry, who has thanked him for the kindness shown by the Boers to Major Coventry after the Battle of Krugersdorp. Major Coventry, it will be remembered, was reported dead, and the memorial service which his sorrowing father and mother were about to celebrate was turned to thanksgiving by the news of his safety.

It has been suggested that, as Mr. Kruger will not come to England, Mr. Chamberlain should repair to Pretoria. The Colonial Secretary is not likely to act on that advice. He has instructed Sir Graham Bower to represent the British case to the President of the Transvaal Republic. Sir Graham Bower is the son of Admiral James Pattison Bower. He was educated at the Royal Naval College, Belfast, and served in the Navy until he was made Commander. On his retirement from the service he was appointed Secretary to the High Commissioner of Cape Colony; and it is his great experience of South African affairs which has commended him to Mr. Chamberlain for the delicate mission to Pretoria.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell has stepped down from the Canadian Premiership to make room for Sir Charles Tupper, and will be in England in a few days, though not, as he is anxious to have it known, to take up Sir Charles Tupper's former post of High Commissioner. Sir Mackenzie has by no means found the Premiership a bed of roses. He was called upon to form a Ministry upon the tragic death of Sir John Thompson at Windsor Castle in December 1894, because the selection was the one least likely to provoke dissension in the party; but, while no one doubts his patriotism and zeal, it has long been felt that, in the face of the onslaughts of the Liberal and "Equal Rights" parties, a more vigorous leadership would be needed before the General Election now pending. Sir Mackenzie has made the development of Canadian relations with Australia his special subject of recent years; and he will doubtless find plenty of excellent work to do for Canada and the Empire in that direction. He has, it is true, entered upon his seventy-third year, but his energies are still, happily, abundant, and his experience is ripe.

Wherever Canada is known the name of Sir Donald Smith is honoured. Very welcome, therefore, is the announcement of his appointment as High Commissioner for Canada. No one would suppose that the new Canadian representative in Europe is seventy-five years of age, for he makes his two journeys a year across the Atlantic with unflinching regularity. He may be seen flying from Montreal to Winnipeg in the depth of winter for change of air, and he holds the reins of the largest commercial concerns in Canada to-day—the Hudson's Bay Company and the Bank of Montreal. At his Montreal mansion Sir Donald has for years kept an almost open house; and in Manitoba and in the Highlands, where he is now Laird of Glencoe, his hospitality is proverbial. These are qualities which make his new appointment a singularly happy one, even had the honour not been well won by his recent devotion to the cause of conciliation in the vexed Manitoba separate schools dispute.

Mr. John Morley appeared at the Press Club dinner in the capacity of an old journalist. This recalled the days when he edited the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and wrote leading articles which were momentous to the destiny of Governments. He was in the middle of one of these compositions when he received an invitation from Mr. Gladstone to join the Cabinet, and when he had settled that matter he went back and finished his article. It is noteworthy that Mr. Morley does not share the opinion that the power of the Press is greater than that of Parliament. Mr. Stead used to say that the newspapers governed the country, and that idea is encouraged in quarters where it is the fashion to speak of Parliamentary institutions as in the last stage of decay, or the last but one.

The strange case of Dr. Cornelius Herz still occupies the attention of the courts. The French Government has renewed the demand for Dr. Herz's extradition, and the legal proceedings, which have been protracted over several years, will be resumed next week. Meanwhile, Dr. Herz is still at Bournemouth, prostrated by disease, and there seems no prospect that the legal complication will be ended save by his death.

The Order of St. Michael and St. George has been conferred upon the Ameer's heir, Habibulla Khan, whom we did not have the pleasure of seeing when the Ameer's Envoy visited this country. Abdurrahman has been in poor health for some time, and he deemed it inexpedient to run the risk of sending Habibulla on a visit to Europe. The Ameer, by the way, is a martyr to gout, a complaint we are in the habit of claiming as specially British, though whether it has on that account endeared us to Abdurrahman is open to question. The Order of St. Michael and St. George is a judicious gift to the Ameer's heir; and it may lead him into interesting and profitable studies of those patron saints.

Prince Christian has had a disagreeable experience. He was knocked down by a cab on leaving Paddington Station, but fortunately escaped with nothing worse than a rather severe shaking. Considering the density of the traffic, the cab accidents in London are surprisingly

few, and this alarming mishap to Prince Christian must not be taken as a reflection on the cabmen, who, as a rule, display remarkable skill and caution in the crowded streets.

There appears to have been suspicions that Baron Hirsch committed suicide, but there is no doubt now that he died in his sleep in a fit of apoplexy. Amongst his peculiarities was a constant desire to lose money at cards to people for whom he had a regard. This method of benefaction was not always palatable to the objects of his bounty; but it had a pathetic side, for the Baron was always eager to commend himself to the good graces of distinguished persons, and as his wealth was his chief social advantage, he employed it in eccentric ways.

Dr. Luger, the anti-Semitic champion in Vienna, is known in that capital as *le beau Charles*. His personal fascinations apparently temper the violent bigotry of his opinions in the judgment of the educated classes. At all events, he has received a signal mark of the imperial favour, and, at the personal request of the Emperor Francis Joseph, has consented to waive his technical right to the Burgomastership for the present. This incident must make *le beau Charles* more popular than ever, without lessening the difficulties of the Austro-Hungarian Government.

Shakspeare knew no boundary line, as Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, pleasantly observed at a luncheon

On Tuesday, April 28, Herr Mottl conducted the first concert of the series of three which Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius proposes to give this season at the Queen's Hall, under the great German conductor's direction. It is needless to say that Herr Mottl gave us a magnificent performance, not so much of the Pastoral Symphony—we are not sure that we care about Beethoven in a Wagnerian dress—as of the Wagner compositions which filled the second portion of the programme. His reading of the "Parsifal" Vorspiel was, as ever, an amazing poetic feat; it mattered not that at moments the brass and the wood took a walk away from the absolute of tune; the sentiment was perfect in every sense, and the joyous mirth of the Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger" was something to remember and dream about. Herr d'Albert's playing upon the pianoforte in the Beethoven Concerto in E Flat for Orchestra and Pianoforte was little short of superb.

The Lamoureux Concerts having come to an end, we have been trying to show, upon our own account, what we can do with our English orchestra at the Philharmonic Concerts. The result was, we regret to think, not exactly satisfactory. Lamoureux played the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven exquisitely; Sir Alexander Mackenzie played it in a dream. The Philharmonic Society, in a word, which has not been in existence for more than a hundred years or so, has been unable to contend with a body of players who have been together for the enormous space of time embraced by fifteen years. Comment is useless; but we venture to commend to any intelligent musical audience the article upon the Philharmonic Society, written by that most friendly critic, "R. S. H.," who gives his views upon the subject in the current number of the *World*.

SIR HENRY PARKES.

Sir Henry Parkes, who died at his Sydney home on April 27, in his eighty-first year, was the most remarkable product of Australian development. As a colonist, in the true acceptance of that term, he was a failure. He did, when he went to New South Wales as a young man, work on a farm; but for not more than six months. His father, a small Warwickshire farmer, might have made a success of colonisation in the new land, and his mother—a Faulconbridge and a descendant of Richard Cœur de Lion—certainly would, for her home-made bread, her butter, and her cowslip-wine were the talk of the country-side; but the future Australian statesman had other work to do.

Sir Henry had more than his share of the ups and downs of Colonial life. Born in poverty, he and his wife and child landed in Sydney, penniless and friendless. Being an admitted failure as a wealth-producer on the land, he set to work as a mechanic, and at last, in despair of making headway while working for others, bought a lathe and set up as the Sydney toy-maker. Sets of chess made by the future Premier are among the prizes of some Sydney homes to-day. Next he started a newspaper, the *Empire*, and through its medium taught the democracy of Australia, in poetry as well as in prose, some of the lessons he had himself learnt in the agitation for the Reform Bill of 1832 in England. The cause of responsible government owed much to his advanced democracy, and so did the cause of free labour as opposed to convictism in the Colony. Fitly enough, the first Legislative Assembly, that of 1854, had the agitating toy-maker and journalist as a member, and it was a source of no small pride to Sir Henry Parkes that his constituency was the city to which he had come, fifteen years before, hopeless and destitute. By 1871 he had pushed his way to the

Premiership, and for twenty years, in and out of office, amid constantly recurring financial difficulties, he held a first place in Australian statesmanship.

It was doubtless the hope of Sir Henry Parkes' life that just as the Confederation of Canada is the monument of Sir John Macdonald's career, the Confederation of Australia might be his great achievement. It was not of New South Wales alone that he thought. "All through these fifty years," he said a little while ago, "I have looked forward to the time when there would be one great commonwealth on this wide mainland, which would in no way interfere with the independence and prosperity of the several States, but give the name of Australia a power and grandeur and authority in the world which she can never attain in any other way." He died before his dream was realised. But when Australia has entered upon her federal career, as she soon must, she will not forget her debt of gratitude to the man who set the ideal before her, and by his fight for free institutions, and his strenuous, high personal character, made its accomplishment possible.

Next to federation, Sir Henry Parkes placed Free Trade among his ideals for Australia, and it is chiefly to him that New South Wales owes her adherence, almost alone among British colonies, to the principles which have given England her pre-eminence during the past half-century. Through these fiscal and federal struggles, as throughout all the political changes of his many-sided career, Sir Henry Parkes remained a loyal Briton. Not only could he say, with Sir John Macdonald, "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die"; but he made it his life's work to stamp the type of the British race upon Australia for all time. The great empire-builder of Canada has his niche of honour in St. Paul's Cathedral. Sir Henry Parkes will surely find his place there too.

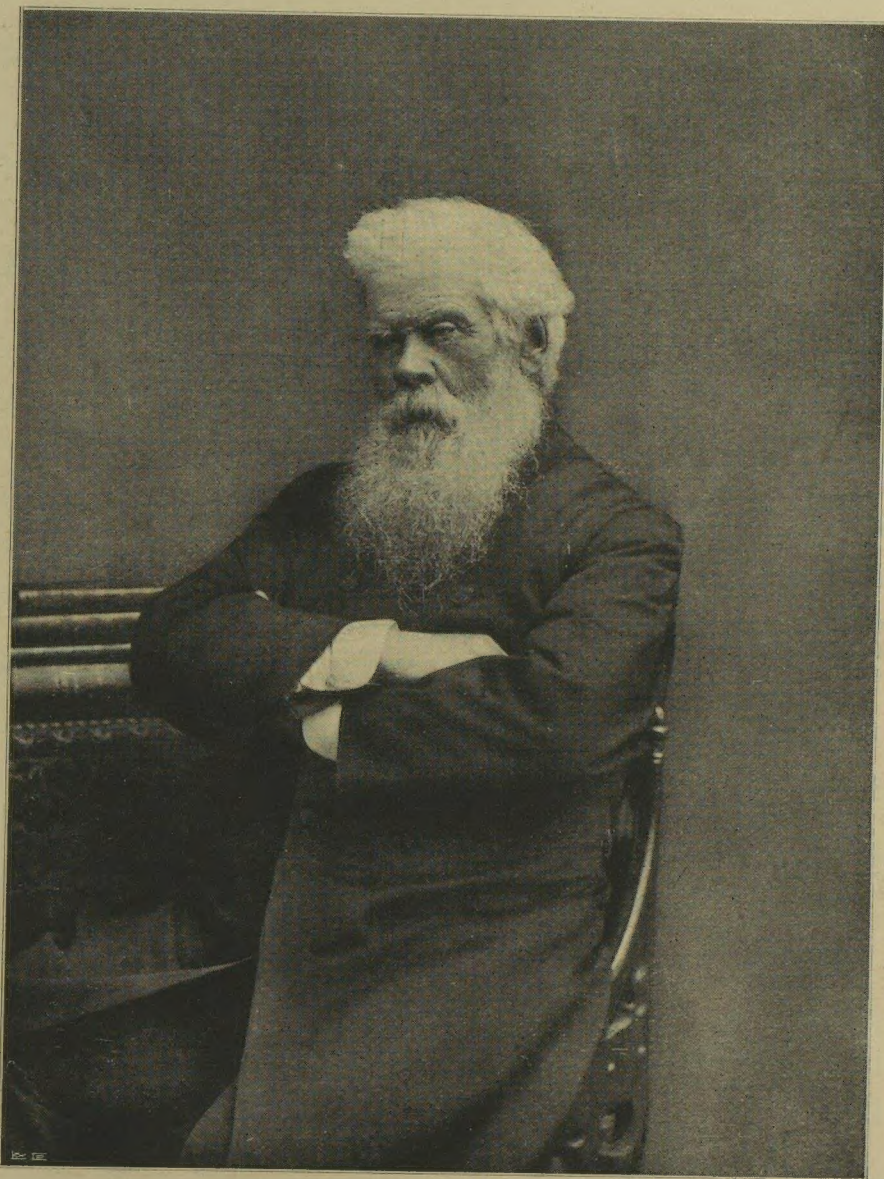


Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR HENRY PARKES, AUSTRALIAN STATESMAN.

given in honour of his visit to Stratford-on-Avon last week, and it is fitting that the great poet's native place should be regarded as the common heritage of the two great peoples who speak the language enriched by his genius. At the annual Shakspeare Festival, which was celebrated throughout last week in the old-world Warwickshire town on the banks of the gentle Avon, all thought of differences between America and her mother country was merged in one harmonious wish to do honour to Shakspeare's memory. And this honour, not for the first time, was paid in generous fashion by citizens of the United States, whose latest tribute has taken the form of a handsome stained-glass window placed in the noble church where the undying poet lies entombed. The window was unveiled by Mr. Bayard, who gave an eloquent address at the dedicatory service, and later in the day charmed all his hearers by the genial pleasantry and graceful sentiment of an after-luncheon speech.

This year's Festival has proved one of the most successful yet held. Never has the town been fuller or the handsome Memorial Theatre so densely thronged throughout the week by visitors from far and near. The yearly increasing interest taken in the Festival promises in time to make it the English equivalent of the Bayreuth celebrations. The theatrical programme for the week was once more, for the eighth time, provided by Mr. F. R. Benson and his company, the plays being "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," and a special revival of "Richard II.," which has not been seen at any previous Festival, and has, indeed, been long neglected on the stage. The chronicle-play was mounted with notable accuracy of historical detail, and Mr. and Mrs. Benson were seen to great advantage as the hapless Richard and his sorrowing Queen.



THE MATABILI INSURRECTION: THE LAAGER IN THE MARKET SQUARE, BULUWAYO, MARCH 25.

From a Sketch by R. Curtis Brown.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

VIII.

WILLY CROUP COMES TO THE FRONT.

The pleasant rays of the semi-tropical sun so warmed and subsequently melted the varied dispositions of the company on board the *Summer Shelter* that, in spite of their very different natures, they became fused, as it were, into a happy party of friends.

Willy Croup actually felt as if she were a young woman in a large party of gentlemen with no rivals. She was not young, but many of her youthful qualities still remained with her, and under the influence of her surroundings they all budded out and blossomed bravely. At the end of a day of fine weather there was not a clergyman on board who did not wish that Miss Croup belonged to his congregation.

As for the members of the synod, there could be no doubt that they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Tired with the long winter's work, and rejoiced, almost amazed, to be so suddenly freed from the cold, wintry weather of their homes, all of their spirits rose and most of their hearts were merry.

There were but few grey heads among these clergymen, and the majority of them were under middle age. Some of them had been almost strangers to each other when they came on board, but now there were no strangers on the *Summer Shelter*. Some of them had crossed the Atlantic, but not one had ever taken a coastwise voyage on a comparatively small vessel, and although the consequence of this new experience, their involuntary seclusion of the first days of the trip, and their consequent unconventional and irregular acceptance of Mrs. Cliff's hospitality, had caused a little stiffness in their demeanour at first, this speedily disappeared, hand in hand with the recollection of that most easily forgotten of human ills, which had so rudely interfered with their good manners.

As far as the resources of their portmanteaus would allow, these reverend clergymen dressed themselves simply and in semi-nautical costumes. Some played quoits upon the upper deck, in which sport Willy joined. Others climbed up the shrouds, preferably on the inside—this method of exercise, although very difficult, being considered safer in case of a sudden lurch of the vessel. And the many other sportive things they did, and the many pleasant anecdotes they told, nearly all relating to the discomfiture of clergymen under various embarrassing circumstances, caused Captain Burke to say to Mrs. Cliff that he had never imagined that parsons were such jolly fellows, and, so far as he was concerned, he would be glad to take out another party of them.

"But if we do," he said, "I think we'd better ship them on a tug, and let them cruise around the lightship for two or three days. Then, when they hoisted a signal that they were all well on board, we could go out and take them off. In that way, you see, they'd really enjoy a cruise on the *Summer Shelter*."

As the sun went down behind the distant coast of Florida they were boarded by a negro pilot, and in the morning they awoke to find themselves fast to a pier of the city of Nassau, lying white in the early daylight.

The members of the synod had readily agreed to Mrs. Cliff's plan to leave them at Nassau and let them return by a regular passenger steamer, and they all preferred to go by sea to Savannah, and then to their homes by rail. With expenses paid, none but the most unreasonable of men could have objected to such a plan.

As Captain Burke announced that he would stop at Nassau for a day to take in some fresh stores, especially of fruit and vegetables, and to give Mrs. Cliff and Willy Croup an opportunity to see the place, the *Summer Shelter* was soon deserted. But in the evening everybody returned on board, as the company wished to keep together as long as possible, and there would be plenty of time in the morning for the members of the synod to disembark and go to the hotel.

Very early in the morning Captain Burke was aroused by the entrance of the sailing-master, Mr. Portman, into

his state-room. "Morning, Sir," said Mr. Portman. "I want you to come out here and look at something."

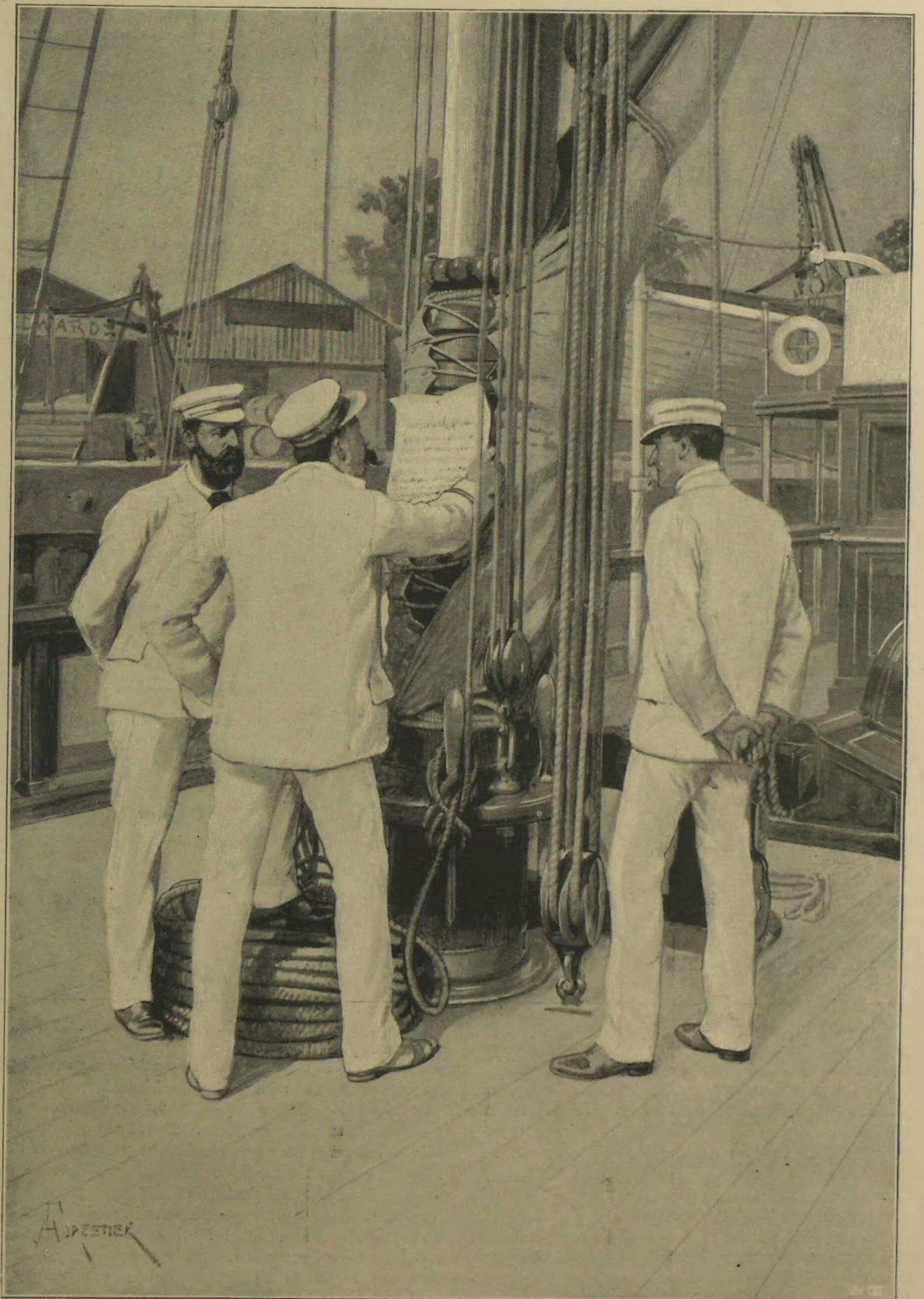
Perceiving by the manner and tones of the other that there was something important to be looked at, Captain Burke jumped up, quickly dressed himself, and went on deck. There, fastened against the foremast, was a large piece of paper, on which were written these words—

"We don't intend to sail on a filibustering cruise. We

know what it means when you take on arms in New York, and discharge your respectable passengers in Nassau. We don't want nothing to do with your next lot of passengers, and don't intend to get into no scrapes. So good-bye! (Signed)—The Crew."

"You don't mean to say," cried Burke, "that the crew has deserted the vessel?"

"That's what it is, Sir," said Mr. Burdette, the first



Fastened against the foremast was a large piece of paper.

mate, who had just joined them. "The crew has cleared out to a man. Mr. Portman and I are left, the engineer's left and his assistant—they belonged to the yacht and don't have much to do with the crew—but the rest's all gone! Deck-hands, stewards, and even the cook. The stewardess must have gone too, for I haven't seen her yet."

"What's the meaning of all this!" shouted Burke, his face getting very red. "When did they go, and why did they go?"

"It's the second mate's watch, and he is off with them!" said Mr. Burdette. "I expect he's at the bottom of it. He's a mighty wary fellow. Just as like as not he spread the report that we were going on a filibustering expedition to Cuba, and the ground for it, in my opinion, is those cases of arms you opened the other day."

"I think that is it, Sir," said Mr. Portman. "You know there's a rising in Cuba, and there was lots of talk about filibustering before we left. I expect the people thought that the ladies were going on shore the same as the parsons."

Burke was confounded. He knew not what to say or what to think, but seeing Mrs. Cliff appearing at the head of the companion-way, he thought it his first duty to go and report the state of affairs to her, which he did. That lady's astonishment and dismay were very great.

"What are we going to do?" she asked. "And what do you mean by the cases of arms?"

"I'm afraid that was a piece of folly on my part," said Burke.

"I didn't know we had arms on board!"

"Well, what we had didn't amount to much," said Burke. "But this was the way of it. After I heard the message from Captain Horn about the pirates, and everything, and as I didn't know exactly what sort of craft we would meet round about Jamaica, I thought we would feel a good deal safer, especially on account of you and Miss Croup, if we had some fire-arms aboard. So I put in some repeating rifles and ammunition, and I paid for them out of my own pocket! Such things always come in useful, and while

I was commanding the vessel on which you were sailing, Mrs. Cliff, I didn't want to feel that I'd left anything undone which ought to be done. Of course, there was no reason to suppose that we would ever have to use them, but I knew I would feel better if I had them. But there was one thing I needn't have done, and that was, I needn't have opened them, which I did the other day in company with Mr. Burdette, because I hadn't had time before to examine them, and I wanted to see what they were. Some of the crew must have noticed the guns, and as they couldn't think why we wanted them, unless we were going on a filibustering expedition, they got that notion into their heads and so cut the ship. It was easy enough to do it, for we were moored to a pier, and the second mate, whose watch they went away in, was most likely at the head of the whole business."

"But what are we going to do?" asked Mrs. Cliff.

"I must get another crew just as soon as I can," said he, "and there isn't a minute to be lost. I was stretching a point when I agreed to stop over a day; but I thought we could afford that and reach Kingston as soon as Shirley does; but when he gets there with his message to the captain of the *Dunkery Beacon* I want to be on hand. There's no knowing what will have to be done, or what will have to be said. I don't want Shirley to think that he's got nobody to stand by him."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Cliff, "we ought to lose no time, for Captain Horn may be there. It is a most dreadful

"You are very practical, Miss Croup," remarked the Reverend Mr. Hodgson, the youngest clergyman on board. "But I am sure you need not have the least fear. We are moored firm and fast, and I have no doubt Captain Burke will soon arrive with the necessary men to take you to Jamaica."

Willy dried her eyes, and then she said, "There's another practical thing I'm thinking of—there isn't any breakfast, and the cook's gone! But I believe we can arrange that. I could cook the breakfast myself if I had anybody to help me. I'll go and speak to Mrs. Cliff."

Mrs. Cliff was decidedly of the opinion that they all

ought to have breakfast, and that she and Willy could at least make coffee, and serve the passengers with bread and butter and preserved meats; but she remarked to Mr. Hodgson that perhaps the gentlemen would rather go to their hotels and get their breakfast.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Hodgson, a stout, sun-browned fellow, who looked more like a hunter than a clergyman; "we have been talking over the matter, and we are not going to desert you until the new men come. And, as to breakfast, here are Mr. Litchfield and myself ready to serve as stewards, assistants, cooks, or in any culinary capacity. We both have camped out, and are not green hands; so you must let us help you, and we shall consider it good fun."

"It will be funny," said Willy, "to see a minister cook, so let's go down to the kitchen. I know where it is, for I've been in it."

"I think, Miss Croup," said Mr. Litchfield, a tall young man, with black hair and side whiskers, and a good deal of manner, "that you should say galley or caboose, now that we are all nautical together."

"Well, I can't cook nautical," said Willy, "and I don't intend to try! But I guess you can eat the food if it isn't strictly naval."

In a few minutes the volunteer cooks were all at work, and Willy's familiarity with household affairs, even when exhibited under the present novel conditions, shone out brightly. She found some cold boiled potatoes, and soon set Mr. Hodgson to work frying them.

Mrs. Cliff took the coffee in hand with all her ante-millionaire skill, and Willy skipped from one thing to another, as happy as most people are whose ability has suddenly forced them to the front.

"Oh, you ought to see the synod setting the table!" she cried, bursting into the galley. "They're getting things all wrong, but it doesn't matter, and they seem to be enjoying it. Now, then, Mr. Litchfield, I think you have cut all the bread that can possibly be eaten!"

Mr. Burdette had gone on shore with the Captain, and Mr. Portman considered it his duty to remain on deck; but the volunteer corps of cooks and stewards did their work with hearty good will, and the breakfast would have been the most jolly meal that they had yet enjoyed together if it had not been for the uncertainty and uneasiness naturally occasioned by the desertion of the crew.



In a few minutes the volunteer cooks were all at work.

misfortune to lose the crew this way. Can't you find them again? Can't you make them come back?"

"If they don't want to be found," said Burke, "it will take a good while to find them. But I am going on shore this minute, and I wish you would be good enough to tell Miss Croup and the ministers how matters stand."

The news of the desertion of the crew, when told by Mrs. Cliff to those of the passengers who had come on deck, and speedily communicated by these to their companions, created a great sensation. Willy Croup was so affected that she began to cry. "Is there any danger?" she said, "and hadn't we better go on shore? Suppose some other vessel wanted to come up to this wharf and we had to move away, there's nobody to move us! And suppose we were to get loose in some way, there's nobody to stop us!"

It was after ten o'clock when Captain Burke and Mr. Burdette returned. "We're in a bad fix," said the former, approaching Mrs. Cliff, who, with all the passengers, had been standing together watching them come down the pier. "There was a steamer cleared from here the day before yesterday which was short-handed, and seems to have carried off all the available able seamen in the port. But I believe that is all stuff and nonsense. The real fact seems to be—and Mr. Burdette and I've agreed on that point—that the report has got out that we're filibusters, and nobody wants to ship with us. Everything looks like it, you see. Here we come from New York with a regular lot of passengers, but we've got arms on board, and we drop the passengers here and let them go home some other way, and we sail on, saying we're bound for Jamaica—for Cuba is a good deal nearer, you know. But the worst thing is this, and I'm bound to tell it so that you can all know how the case stands and take care of yourselves as you think best. There's reason to believe that if the Government of this place has not already had its eye on us, it will have its eye on us before very long, and for my part I'd give a good deal of money to be able to get away before they do, but without a crew we can't do it."

Mrs. Cliff and Burke now retired to consult. "Madam,"

Jamaica, and in that case we could leave the *Summer Shelter* here and go on her."

"No," said Burke, "I thought of that and inquired. Nothing will sail under a week, and in that time everybody we may want to see may have left Jamaica."

"Will you excuse me for a few minutes?" said Mr. Litchfield, and with that he returned to his companions.

"Captain," said Willy, "won't you come down and have your breakfast? I don't believe you have eaten a thing, and you look as if you needed it."

Captain Burke really did look as if he needed a good many things—among others, a comb and brush. His gold trimmed cap was pushed on the back of his head; his white coat was unbuttoned and the collar turned in; and his countenance was troubled by the belief that his want of prudence had brought Mrs. Cliff and her property into a very serious predicament.

"Thank you," said he; "but I can't eat. Breakfast is the last thing I can think of just now."

Now approached Mr. Litchfield, followed by all his clerical brethren. "Madam," said he, "we have had a final consultation, and have come to make a proposition to you and the Captain. We do not feel that we would be the kind of men we would like to think we are if, after all

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There is still much excitement in East Brent over the Bishop of Bath and Wells' refusal to appoint Mr. Denison as successor to his uncle. Mr. Denison receives every day numerous letters from clergy not only in the diocese of Bath and Wells, but from every other diocese in England, sympathising with him and Mrs. Denison. The break-up of the old home has begun, the local papers containing an advertisement of the sale of the late Archdeacon Denison's outdoor effects.

The Bishop of Salisbury declares that it is certain that Our Lord's words did permit an innocent husband to put away a guilty wife, and that St. Paul's words, cited, for instance, by Bishop Andrewes in the contrary sense, did not really justify his conclusion. Sir J. E. Philipps argued that if they allowed the marriage tie to be dissolved except by death, that shut the door against the return of the penitent. He complained that the line taken by the Bishop of Lincoln had caused much distress among many English Churchmen, who said that they would never have thought it of him. Now, he was sorry to say, there was another Bishop who took the same view.

The Curates' Union has secured the countenance of Archdeacon Sinclair. The Archdeacon would exact an apprenticeship of ten years before the acceptance of preferment, placing the minimum age of the rector or vicar at thirty-five, and he would raise a national sustentation fund



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: CAVALRY HORSES PICKETED.

Photo Lekegian and Co.

said he, "I'm bound to ask you as owner, what do you think we ought to do? If you take my advice, the first thing to be done is to get rid of the ministers. You can settle with them about their travelling and let them go to their hotels. Then, perhaps, I can rake up a few loafers, landmen, or anybody who can shovel coal or push on a capstan-bar, and by offering them double wages get them to ship with us. Once in Jamaica we shall be all right."

"But don't you think it will be dangerous," said Mrs. Cliff, "to go around offering extra pay in this way?"

"That may be," he answered; "but what else is there to do?"

At this moment Mr. Litchfield approached. "Madam," said he, "we have been discussing the unfortunate circumstances in which you find yourself placed, and we now ask if you have made any plans in regard to your future action."

"The circumstances are truly unfortunate," replied Mrs. Cliff, "for we are anxious to get to Jamaica as soon as possible on account of very important business, and I don't see how we are to do it. We have made no plans, except that we feel it will be well for you gentlemen to leave us and go to your hotel, where you can stay until the steamer will sail for Savannah day after to-morrow. As for ourselves we don't know what we are going to do. Unless, indeed, some sort of a vessel may be starting for

your kindness and great consideration, we should step on shore and continue the delightful programme you have laid out for us, while you are left in doubt, perplexity, and perhaps danger, on your yacht. There are five of us who feel that they cannot join in the offer which I am about to make to you and the Captain; but the rest of us wish most earnestly and heartily to offer you our services—if you think they are worth anything—to work this vessel to Jamaica. It is but a trip of a few days, I am told, and I have no doubt that we can return to New York from Kingston almost as conveniently as we can from here. We can all write home and arrange for any contingencies which may arise on account of the delay in our return. In fact, it will not be difficult for most of us to consider this excursion as a part, or even the whole of our annual vacation. Those of us who can go with you are all able-bodied fellows, and if you say so, Captain, we will turn in and go to work this moment. We have not any nautical experience, but we all have powers of observation, and so far as I am able to judge, I believe I can do most of the things I have seen done on this vessel by your common seamen, if that is what you call them."

Mrs. Cliff looked at Captain Burke, and he looked at her. "If it was a sailin' vessel," he exclaimed, "I'd say she couldn't be worked by parsons, but a steamer's different. By George, Madam! let's take them, and get away while we can."

(To be continued.)

to provide stipends for curates, commensurate with their age and experience, of from £120 to £150.

The Dean of Hereford has been speaking of the obstacles in the way of the Temperance movement. He says that the present House of Commons is permeated with drink-trailers, either as brewers or shareholders in a great brewing company. The trade, he affirmed, was in league with the national Government, and the brewers fed the Exchequer at the cost of national morality. All our wars were now paid for out of the revenues from strong drink.

A mural tablet has been placed in Salisbury Cathedral to the memory of the late Mrs. Wordsworth.

The Rev. C. H. Robinson has undertaken mission work in the diocese of Ripon at the invitation of the Bishop. He was formerly connected with the Truro Theological College, and organised mission work in Cornwall. More recently, Mr. Robinson made an expedition into Hausaland with a view of studying the language and preparing the way for mission work there. His work on Hausaland has been published lately, and has attracted considerable notice.

The Archbishop of York presided at a meeting promoted by the junior clergy of his diocese for the purpose of hearing an address on the Relations of Christianity and Labour. Several Nonconformist ministers were among those on the platform. The Archbishop insisted that the difficulties in improving the condition of labour did not lie in the mere social circumstances of the day; they did not lie in adverse or deficient legislation. The great difficulty was in human nature itself.

V.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE 5TH AND 7TH SQUADRONS OF THE EGYPTIAN CAVALRY, UNDER CAPTAIN D. MAHON, LEAVING ASSOUAN FOR WADY' HALFA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF EL-AZHAR, CAIRO: DISCUSSING THE CAMPAIGN.

LITERATURE.

When Sir Robert Peel opened Mr. Gladstone's "Church and State" he glanced at a few pages, then closed the book, and said: "If this young man writes much more in this style he will ruin a promising career." What would Sir Robert say if he could look into the little volume which bears the name and title of his grandson and namesake, the present Baronet? In *An Engagement* (Constable) Sir Robert Peel tells a love story which the statesman who abolished the Corn Laws would scarcely find enthralling. Yet it is a pleasant little tale, brightly and unaffectedly written; and, if the author should persevere in the writing of fiction, he ought not to ruin "a promising career."

Thomas Love Peacock's *Gryll Grange*, which has been added to Messrs. Macmillan's "Standard Novels," with an Introduction by Professor Saintsbury, and illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend, was "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree," as Landon touchingly entitled one of his final contributions to literature. When it delighted Peacock's admirers by its appearance in *Fraser's Magazine* he was seventy-five, and it broke the silence which he had preserved since the publication of "Crotchet Castle" thirty years before. The contrast between that inimitable prose satire and the mildness and tolerance of "Gryll Grange" is, with its other characteristics, admirably brought out by Professor Saintsbury in his Introduction, one of the best of the many which he has written. No estimate of Peacock's place in our literature can be truer and more tersely as well as strikingly expressed than that given in the closing passage of Professor Saintsbury's Introduction: "The English Muse seems to have set, at the joining of the old and new ages, this one person with the learning and tastes of the ancestors, with the irreverent criticism of the moderns, to comment on the transition, and having fashioned him, to have broken the mould."

Some years ago Mr. Henry S. Salt published an excellent and exhaustive biography of Thoreau, to which he has since added a volume of well-chosen "Selections" from Thoreau's writings. Slightly abridged, but with additions bringing it up to date, Mr. Salt's biography now reappears in the "Great Writers" Series. (Walter Scott). In its more generally accessible form Mr. Salt's volume ought to do much towards widening the knowledge and appreciation in England of one of the most original men ever produced by the United States, whom his friend and admirer Emerson honoured by writing a memoir of him, and from whom, Mr. Salt hints, Emerson, contrary to the general belief, learned more than Thoreau learned from him. The volume may also tend to draw attention to some of Mr. Salt's other contributions to biography and criticism—such as his Shelley studies, his monograph on Thoreau's spiritual kinsman Richard Jefferies, and his interesting life of that ill-starred genius James Thomson, the author of "The City of Dreadful Night."

Sir Lewis Morris's new volume, *Idylls and Lyrics* (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.), will neither strengthen nor weaken his hold on his many admirers. There is nothing in it that is particularly striking, unless, perhaps, it be the lyrics inspired by the "Armenian atrocities"—*facit indignatio versum*—and they are not printed for the first time. But the verse has all the old harmonious and graceful movement, and in the thought is the old unquenchable belief that the future of mankind is to be infinitely better than its past and its present. The longest poem in the volume is in blank verse, "A Modern Idyll," a story of the Crimean War, told very prettily, and in parts powerfully and picturesquely. The hero, a gallant young officer, has won the heart of a lovely and gentle maiden, of the best type of English girlhood, but his poverty forbids the assent of her parents to their union. Ordered to the East on the opening of the war, he persuades her to consent to a hurried secret marriage on the morning of his departure. She reads of him in the newspapers as showing heroism at the Alma and before Sebastopol. At last all tidings of him cease. Then the wife asserts herself, and, having told her mother the secret of her marriage, she rushes off to join the hospital nurses at Constantinople, and in time to find and tend her wounded husband in the camp. He recovers, but only to see her fade slowly away, and to bury her among the cypresses of Scutari. Sir Lewis Morris does not forget the present in the past. Perhaps, indeed, it was the "Armenian atrocities" which suggested the composition of "A Modern Idyll," with its memories of the time when England was the armed champion of the Turk, whom the poet denounces, when, as he now sings—

The Power of Ill,
Which throws to-day its shield above the Turk,
Stepped between him and righteous doom; and she,
Our blindfold England, fought and did prevail
For a mistaken end, where victory
Was deadlier than defeat.

Yet the indignant poet is proud of the gallantry then displayed by his countrymen, and pronounces "those dark days" to have been "glorious too."

All the dramatic criticism of the first half of the century which may be regarded as literature was the work of four men—Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, John Forster, and George Henry Lewes. Their labours, one fears, have been rather forgotten, though they are worth remembrance. Everybody, then, really interested in the play will be grateful to Mr. William Archer and Mr. Robert W. Lowe, the most enthusiastic students of the drama (from different standpoints), for reprinting the *Dramatic Essays* of these four. The third and completing volume of the set (Walter Scott, Limited) deals with Forster and Lewes. The latter is distinctly the more interesting and valuable. Lewes, as Mr. Archer declares in an admirable preface, was "probably the most highly trained thinker who ever applied himself to the study of theatrical art in England"; and his book, "On Actors and the Art of Acting," is rightly described as "one of the not too numerous classics of English dramatic criticism." He alone of the four dealt with had anything of note to say upon the principles of dramatic composition as a living art. Unhappily, his criticisms close in 1854;

but what we have of him shows how modern was his standpoint. These volumes—Hunt, Hazlitt, Forster, and Lewes—are cheap at the half-guinea asked for them. They have no rival.

A delightful story is *In the Heart of the Hills*, by Sherwin Cody (J. M. Dent and Co.) A young fellow breaks away from a wealthy but uncongenial home in New York and sets out, with two dollars in his pocket, to seek his fortune in New Hampshire. He tramps from farm to farm in search of work, which he finds hard to get, and yet harder to do when he gets it. At length he falls fairly on his feet as assistant in the store and tavern of Ashton Centre, a little New Hampshire village in the heart of the hills. The descriptions of this primitive place and of its people, and especially of the two girls, 'Lisbeth and Maud, are idyllic. It is some time since we have read a sweeter love-scene than that with which the book happily closes, and, indeed, throughout you feel yourself in Arden and envy the hero his chance—

To translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

The latest addition to the "Golden Treasury" Series of Messrs. Macmillan is Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydriotaphia* and *The Garden of Cyrus*, edited by the late W. H. Greenhill. The literary cant which raves about Sir Thomas Browne's prose and ranks it rhetorically with Milton's is justified only by occasional passages in the "Hydriotaphia." What has given Browne his deserved place as a classic is the astonishing reach of his fantastic imagination, which sees and shows you everything in quaint and unlooked-for relations. There are many ways of saying "It's getting late, I must go to bed," but only Sir Thomas Browne could thus express it: "But the quincunx of heaven runs low and 'tis time to close the five ports of knowledge. . . . To keep our eyes open longer were but to act our Antipodes. The huntsmen are up in America and they are already past their first sleep in Persia." Unfortunately, Browne was a pedant, and the fine flame of his imagination was often, so to say, smothered and smoked by the fuel of learning heaped upon it. His very style became occasionally barbarous from the classical learning that should have refined it. Here, for instance, is a sample from "Cyrus's Garden": "Mechanics make use of this decussation in forcipal organs and instruments of incision; wherein who can but magnify the power of decussation, inservient to contrary ends, solution and consolidation, union and division, illustrable from Aristotle in the old nucifragium, or nut-cracker, and the instruments of evulsion, compression, or incision, which, consisting of two vectes, or arms, converted towards each other, the innitenity and stress being made upon the hypomochlion, or fulcrum, in the decussation, the greater compression is made by the union of two impulsors." On the other hand, Browne's style, at its best, is as noble as the thought it expresses, and affects you as a fine organ fugue played by a master of music. He is always original, and most original of all in treating the tritest subjects. If you will compare, for instance, Jeremy Taylor on death with Browne on this, the most hackneyed of all subjects, you will find the divine's discourse but a rhetorical *réchauffage* of an essay of Montaigne's, while the physician's is sublimely original. This (the twentieth) edition of the "Hydriotaphia" is competently annotated and perfectly got up.

Under the title of *Goblin Grange* (Messrs. A. and C. Black) Mr. Hamilton Drummond presents his readers with a series of devilish stories appropriately told by a goblin. There is hardly one that is not horrible, and not one that is not powerful. "You run too much in a groove," objects the goblin's audience to his tales, and that, perhaps, is the sole fault lovers of the grim and gruesome will find with the stories. "'Wull It come back, d'ye think?'" asks the old Scotch servant, alluding to the goblin story-teller. "That," I said, "depends upon the public." "Hoots!" said David again, "the public's me an' you, but maistly you." I'm not quite sure but he's right. But the author can safely reckon on a wide public if he will on his next appearance tell stories of less horror and of equal power.

The late Mr. J. R. Green's *History of the English People* maintains its richly deserved popularity. Originally "A Short History of the English People," thousands upon thousands of which were eagerly received, it became—expanded and partly rearranged—a library "History of England." An edition of the work in this new form, at a more moderate price, having been exhausted, another—of which Volume V. ("Puritan England," 1603-1644), has just been issued—is now being published in Messrs. Macmillan's "Eversley" Series. The new volume opens with a brilliant chapter on "Shakspeare's England," and closes with a description of the "situation" in England on the eve of the great Civil War. It contains some of the most vigorous writing of the intrepid historian who threw himself heart and soul into the advocacy of the popular, Parliamentary, and Puritan cause, in its successful struggle against the absolutism, in Church and State, of Charles I., Strafford and Laud.

The peasantry of all countries are more or less unintelligible to outsiders, but the peasantry of Ireland are specially inscrutable because centuries of oppression have made them furtive as hunted creatures. Carleton alone, through having been a peasant himself, has got behind the scenes of this people, who are actors by nature and practised actors by the force of circumstances. In his *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, which Messrs. Dent and Co. have added to their tasteful reprints, you get such an insight into the Irish character, and, through it, into the eternal and tormenting Irish Question, as no other authority, literary or political, is equally competent to give. The picture Carleton draws of his people is the reverse of flattering, but he has obviously drawn it direct from life, as life was in his day. It is an astonishing picture, and as interesting as it is instructive. Mr. O'Donoghue has done his editorial work well in this new edition, which is beautifully got up and adorned by an etching of Carleton's house and by the reproduction of two of the original illustrations by "Phiz."

THE BLUSH OF SPRING.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Everybody knows the tender green of spring; I often wonder that its deep blush-red has been so little noticed by poets and essayists. The immediate occasion of this general remark is given me by the boughs of the Virginia creeper that looks in at the window on whose seat I have been lolling. Its buds are dark red; the few little five-fingered leaves that have dared as yet to unfold their valves timidly to the April sky are half green, half russet. The closer-creeping ampelopsis on the brick wall hard by shows still rosier in its buds, still pinker in its first lithe tentative shoots and pellucid tendrils. On the garden beds strong peonies are sending up crimson heads of foliage; while the delicate spiræa is putting forth slender antler-like branches, in whose veins red wine seems subtly to course through transparent vessels. The dainty young suckers on the rose-bushes are red; the buds of the maple are red; red twigs stud the jasmine. Green, pale soft green, is the colour of high springtide; but blushing rose-red is the favourite hue with the first vegetation that struggles through April.

Only of late years have we begun to learn the inner meaning of this ruddiness of young shoots, this mantling blush of virgin foliage. The pink colouring matter of new leaves we now know has a peculiar power of turning light into heat, and thus, as it were, of converting the young shoot itself into its own hothouse. For this reason almost all thin and delicate parts of growing plants in very cold weather are coloured red; and the red pigment continues to suffuse them, as in developing rose-leaves, till the organs it supplies have become sufficiently hard and sturdy to face without fear the east winds and light frosts of later spring. The intermediate stage between the dainty pink of infancy and the full dark green of the adult leaf gives us peculiar and delightful gradations of wine-colour, well seen in young hawthorn-shoots, in twigs of barberry, and in the rosettes or stems of many small saxifrages. In most such cases the pinky pigment appears even to serve a double purpose: in the first place, by transforming light into heat, it supplies the growing parts with the needful warmth for their due development; in the second place, by its absorptive power, it acts as a screen for the tender young shoots against excessive sunlight, which, even in spring, is apt to prove harmful to very delicate vegetative organs. The pale pink-and-white tint of young rhubarb-leaves gives an instance familiar even to town-bred eyes; country readers will equally recall at once the maiden blush of young sumach, vine-tendrils, the cherry-tree, and the lily plants.

It is not in leaves alone, again, or in growing shoots, that this peculiar heating power of the red pigment asserts itself. The same material has not a little to do with some of the daintiest and sweetest effects in flowers. That exquisite melting pinkiness, as of the inside of a shell, which we admire so much in apple-blossom, in white may, in the flowering almond, in the cherry and the dog-rose, depends, for the most part, upon a similar development of this heat-storing colouring matter on the outside of the petals. If you examine a bough of apple-blossom closely, you will see that the blush gathers deepest on the bud, and in the most exposed parts; it has fixed itself there to protect the flowers, and especially the stamens, with their precious pollen, from cold and exposure. The pink tips of the daisy are similarly acquired in the bud; the outer ray-florets grow tinged with rose on their exposed face, which becomes, in turn, their lower surface when the flower-head is fully developed and opened. The best of all cases for observing this curious effect, however, is that of the garden Weigela, in which the lobes of the corolla overlap in the bud; here the exposed portions are a nacreous pink, while the parts which were covered or overlapped by others remain quaintly and incongruously white, in irregular patches. As the blossom fades, the prevailing pinkiness gradually spreads over every part of it. I may add that while all the white-flowered, rose-like plants, and especially those of the apple and pear group, are remarkable, as a rule, for this delicate pinkiness, the boldest and earliest of them all to bloom—the *Pyrus japonica*—blushes deeper than pink, being full crimson throughout; while its young shoots and leaves are almost as beautifully tinted, in their daintier way, as are its gorgeous blossoms.

Many years ago, I remember, Mr. Darwin wrote to ask me if I could suggest any reason why the tiny female flowers of the hazel—very earliest to blossom of all our English plants and trees—should assume the form of wee blood-red tassels. The colour puzzled him, for the hazel is wind-fertilised, and does not, therefore, require to make itself attractive to the eyes of insects. At the time I had no explanation to give; since then it has occurred to me that these sensitive little organs, destined to receive and fix the floating pollen, may most probably be tinged with pigment for warmth's sake, as the flowers can only function in bright sunshine during a few short hours on blustering February or cold March mornings. Is it not for the same reason, again, that the almost microscopic female florets of the birch are provided with tiny crimson strings to catch the wind-wafted pollen? And may we not similarly explain the beautiful pink cones which so quaintly diversify the pale green tufts of budding larch-trees? As a whole, I believe, spring blushes for warmth. The sap in her veins rises red like blood, so as to convert the scanty rays of an April sun into the genial heat which the plant demands for its early development. What is mainly meant for use by nature thus ministers, in the end, to man's sense of beauty.

Professor Mason, of Cambridge, is in America. He is to deliver a course of lectures on the Conditions of Our Lord's Life upon Earth, as set forth in the Gospels. He returns to England at the beginning of May.

Among the more notable new religious books are a work on St. John the Baptist by the Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, published by Messrs. Skeffington and Sons, and a new volume of the magnificent Anglican Pulpit Library, which is the most sumptuous production of the kind that has ever appeared.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

It is difficult for a mere literary person to arrest the attention of science. My own arguments for the existence of a bogie were disregarded, alas! by the late Professor Huxley, and I have only once obtained even passing consideration from an eminent mathematician. The following thesis, moreover, has once before been submitted, though unsuccessfully, to science. It explains a problem equally puzzling to Darwin and Weismann—namely, the origin of Manx cats. These have no tails, as everybody knows, or none worth mentioning, and why? Weismann touches on the theme in his "Biological Memoirs" (English translation. Oxford, 1889, page 426). Some tailless cats were exhibited in 1887 at Wiesbaden, and were said to be the offspring of a cat who had lost her tail by the wheel of a cart having passed over it. If this were true, accidental mutilations are inheritable, which is generally denied. Well-known historical instances are against the belief. The Flat-head Indians squeeze the babies' heads flat; the Chinese deform the feet of their women: but young Flat-head Indians and Chinese are not *born* with flat heads or deformed feet. Another

opinion in the Isle of Man, though he finds it in Japan, and quotes Döderlein, "Ueber Schwanzlose Katten" (*Zool. Anzeiger*, Vol. X., November 1887), a treatise which I have not read.

Now I come to a tradition which contains *my* explanation of the origin of Manx cats. Dr. Weismann has neglected folk-lore! Among the Bretons, a Celtic people, like the Manx, it is *unlucky to tread on the tail of a cat*. If you do so, a serpent will come out and bite you—a very undesirable thing. M. Sébillot gives the superstition. Unluckily, I have not his work by me, so as to supply the exact reference. Well, a Celtic superstition in one Celtic country is pretty likely to be found in another country—Scandinavo-Celtic. Does it exist in the Isle of Man? Very likely it does not now, because the Manx cats have now no tails, any more than guinea-pigs have. There is, therefore, no serpent to be afraid of any longer. But if the Breton belief once flourished in the Isle of Man, a casually tailless cat—tailless by reason of an unknown but transmittable "change in the germ"—would have been a welcome cat. "Can't tread on *that* puss's tail," people would say; "do give me a kitten!" Thus artificial selection of tailless cats would set in, and, by dint of

remote in Sir Walter. As a Balfour on one side, Mr. Stevenson probably had Celtic blood; the name, as somebody says in "Kidnapped," is good Gaelic. "Exquisite regret and longing," as Mr. Sharp himself admits, is not confined to Celts. The Greek Anthology is full of what would be called "Celtic" in an English poet, and the poetry of Minnervus is as "Celtic" as that of Ilywarch Hên. But Minnervus was no more a Celt than Sir Walter Scott.

What the Celtophiles call Celtic in poetry ought really to be called "early human," or even "savage." A song from the Old or the New Hebrides sounds exactly alike to a British ear. I have heard both: in both is the same melancholy wail or peevish minor tone. Naturally, this accent has survived more among Celts, who have had to borrow all words for things civilised from alien languages. Again, take "The Mystery of Amergin" in "Lyra Celtica." Something similar is in the "Mabinogion," and also in the "Kalewala." Indeed, the "Kalewala" would be regarded as all Celtic together, if we did not know that, as a matter of fact, it is Finnish. In brief, Celticism is a survival of an early barbaric mood. All poetry is such a survival; so is all imagination; and,



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: BELIANEH, THE FORWARDING STATION FOR TROOPS.

obvious instance will readily occur. We crop dogs' ears; the pups are not crop-eared. Weismann, therefore, asks for proof that the mother cat *did* lose her tail by accident, and the proof does not satisfy him. There are tailless kittens in Waldkirch, but these are believed to be of the family blood of a Manx cat, taken to the Black Forest by an English clergyman.

As to the absence of tails in the Manx breed, Weismann attributes it to "an innate monstrosity arisen from unknown changes in the germ," in fact, to a fluke. "Tradition does not tell us," says the learned German, "how it happened that the descendants of the first tailless cat in the Isle of Man were able to increase and spread in such a manner as to form the dominant race in the island." He supposes that, as in Japan, people thought that tailless cats were the better mousers. "We see thus how a slight but striking variation may at once cause an energetic process of artificial selection" (people preferring to breed from tailless cats), "which helps this variation to be predominant." "Man" (Manxman) "has attached an imaginary value" (for mousing) "to the new character, and, by artificial selection, has helped it to predominate over the natural form." To do so, I may add, is easy on an island, difficult on a continent.

But Dr. Weismann does not ask, "Do Manxmen think tailless cats the better mousers?" He brings, at least, no proof in favour of the predominance of this

insular conditions, would flourish and predominate. In Brittany, the artificial selection would be thwarted by continental conditions. And so Manx cats have no tails because Celts were afraid of treading on the tail of a cat. "An imaginary value was attached to the new character," of taillessness, not of superiority in mousing. "Be silent, Envy, and attend!" Echo, carry the hypothesis to the ear of Dr. Weismann! *My* explanation is worthy of the imaginative Celtic genius. Nor would it amaze me if the superstition existed in Japan.

The Celtic genius is a trifle too rampant at present. Here is Mr. William Sharp, in "Lyra Celtica," arguing as if almost all the poets were Celts. "Keats is a Celtic name"—witness Augustus Mackeat (Auguste Maquet). I would like documentary evidence to prove that Keats is a Celtic name. Burns, I believe, was as Lowland as possible; the "Campbell of Burnhouse, Burness, Burns" theory needs a great deal of proving. How does Dr. Hyde prove that "the Buccleugh Scotts and the other four branches of the name were originally Gaelic-speaking Celts"? The statement would have amazed Sir Walter. When he wanted to wear the tartans, he wore Campbell tartan, in virtue of his maternal great-grandmother, I think—he denied explicitly that the Border clans had ever used clan tartans. Almost every Lowland Scot, *moi qui parle*, for instance, has a Celtic strain somewhere; but the strain is untraced in Carlyle and Burns, and is very

undeniably, real Celts have a good deal of a primitive, but not peculiarly Celtic, fancy. So had Minnervus, so had Meleager. But in the greatest poetry there is far more than this survival. The Celts have never had a great poet, as far as I am aware—they have had plenty of agreeable melancholy minor poets. Great poets are made of other stuff.

Mr. Sharp's remark that Donald Bàn MacCrimmon joined "the Royalists" in 1746 is apt to mislead. Why call the Hanoverian faction "the Royalists"? The other side were in arms for the King, Donald for the usurper. Every Celt knows that. Donald had a presentiment "that he as well as many of the others of the clan would never return, a presentiment fulfilled." Poor Donald was killed, but he only, in the rout of Moy; "the rest they ran away." The Macleods were all defeated by the Moy blacksmith, a Mackintosh probably, who shouted, like Achilles on the Trench, while the Macleod Whigs fled, like the Trojans. For a good modern Jacobite song, however, give me "A Kiss of the King's Hand," by Mrs. Robertson Matheson, who owns a ring given by Prince Charles to Flora Macdonald. But there is another such ring, the Prince's miniature between Prince of Wales's feathers, in gold; and where is that ring? The relic has been seen in our time, and should be looked after by the Macdonalds. Finally, as to Celts, who wrote "Here's to the King and Donald MacGillivray!" No Celt, but James Hogg.

Sir F. Cornwall

Prince Edward of Saxo-Weimar.
Hon. Alfred Peckham, M.P.

Earl of Lathom.

Princess of Wales.

Duchess of Connaught.

Duchess of Albany.

Sir S. Ponsonby-Fane.

Duchess of Teck.

Princess Marie of Wales.

Viscountess.

Prince of Wales.

Margate of Salisbury.

The Russian Ambassador.



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



AT THE APPOINTED HOUR.

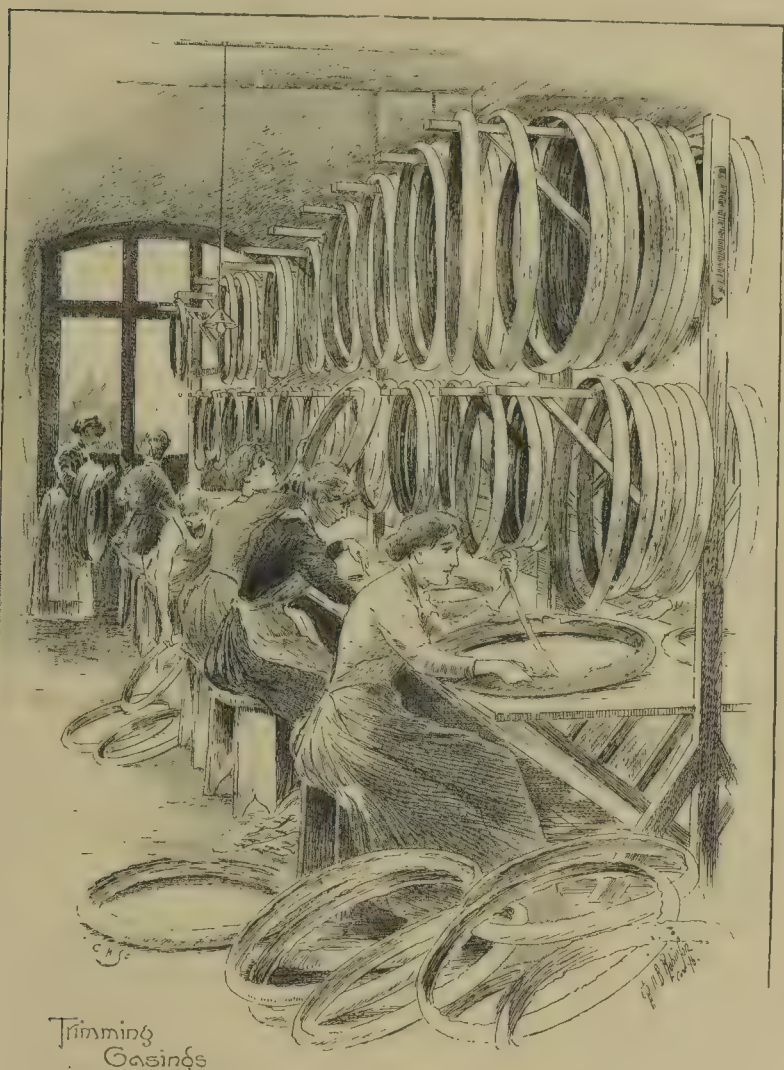
By Norman H. Hardy.

A MODERN MARVEL.

The announcement that the assets of a manufacturing company some six years old, and relying for its success on the use of patents, had been sold for the vast sum of three millions sterling, not unnaturally has been the talk of

operations which seems at first incredible, but is yet on examination quite worthy of all credence. It is the fact that the assets of the Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, have been sold for three millions, and the result is that the old shareholders have received their capital nearly twelve times over; and this is in addition to the

known veterinary surgeon of Belfast; and he succeeded in forming a company with a capital of £25,000 to exploit it. The start was difficult: at one time the shares were actually below par. However, progress was rapid; in fact, the company moved as if itself on pneumatic tyres. Soon further capital was needed. In the end, in shares,

Trimming
Casings

THE PNEUMATIC TYRE: TRIMMING CASINGS.

Inflating
Tubes

THE PNEUMATIC TYRE: INFLATING TUBES.

London. The fact that the company existed for the purpose of producing tyres, which, to the ignorant, seems a small matter, made the affair the more astounding, and caused me to go to the London offices of the Pneumatic Tyre Company in Regent Street in search of information. There, while examining the carriages, I heard a tale of financial

fact that in dividends and premiums they have already received £542,623. Perhaps it is more impressive if one states the facts historically. In 1889 Mr. Harvey Du Cros, twice heavy and light weight champion of Ireland, and father of a family of athletes and cyclists, saw that there was a fortune in the tyre invented by Mr. Dunlop, a well-

plus premiums, the company had a capital of £262,000, which has earned, as I have said, £542,623. The history of commercial enterprise, even if one includes the Bessemer patents, has shown no invention of such earning power.

What, then, is this wonderful patent, and how did it come

Exterior View
of Pneumatic Tyre
(No. 1) Premises.

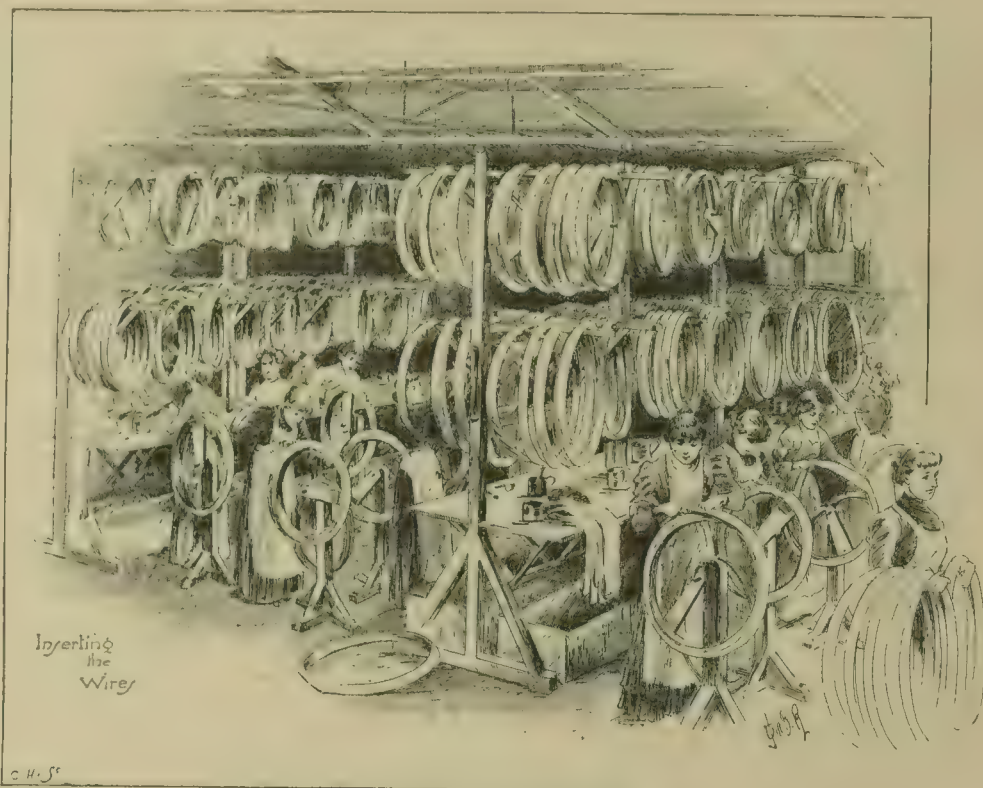
THE PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY'S PREMISES AT COVENTRY.

about? Mr. John Boyd Dunlop, a Scotchman by birth, practising in Belfast, wanted to improve the bicycle for the benefit of his son, who was always distanced by his older schoolfellows, who, too, complained of the jolting on bad roads. He hit on a simple idea—that of placing what one may call an air-cushion round the wheel, with the view of diminishing friction, and getting a sort of spring effect from its elasticity. He made experiments, and at last carried out the idea; and a rider named Hume, at Easter 1889, appeared on the machine in the Belfast races. At first everyone laughed at what seemed then a quaint and cumbrous machine. Laughter, however, changed to amazement when he “romped home” in front of his competitors in the three races in which he took part. Of course, discussion arose, and people wrote learned articles to prove that there was nothing in the invention. However, the Du Cros family took it up. Mr. Arthur Du Cros got the original machine ridden by Hume, and until the handicappers woke up, racing became almost a farce. He and his brothers swept the board. Of course, there was immense opposition at first, and since the patent was far from perfect, there was some ground for it. The indiarubber tube of compressed air that surrounded the wheel easily got pricked or cut, then the rider was *hors de combat*, and since it was not detachable, repairs were difficult. Then Mr. C. K. Welch, now an official of the company, invented a most ingenious and effective mode of detaching and attaching the tyre, and repairs became easy—so easy that it is on record that a rider in a fifty-mile race has had his machine punctured, has dismounted, detached the tyre, found the puncture, repaired it, replaced the tyre, remounted, and won the race! No skill, indeed, is involved in the detaching and repairs. That ingenious device, of course, is not the only improvement. Constant experiments showed how to render the protecting cover stronger and more effective, and now “puncture” is a mere bugbear. There are cases of people doing twenty-five and thirty thousand miles without the tyres getting punctured. Of course, there have been imitators; but most of those whose variance has protected them in the Law Courts have produced tyres of small value. A little while ago the Dunlop

tyre had eighty-five per cent. of the trade, the most formidable competitors being the Clincher and the Palmer. The syndicate that has given the three millions for the old company has paid another million for the Clincher and Palmer and other rights, and now, practically speaking, the Dunlop only is on the track. So

would take up the Dunlop-Welch tyre. However, the evidence is irresistible. Racing furnishes the test, for nowhere are the resilience that means speed, and the freedom from friction and vibration that weary the rider at immense strain, so vital as in racing; and nearly all the bicycle and tricycle records have been made on “bikes” with Dunlop tyres. The company has received the information that two thousand and seventy-three first prizes were won in 1895 on Dunlop tyres, and about the same number of second and third prizes. During the year no less than twelve hundred and fifty-one world's records, and nearly as many British records, were made by aid of the Dunlop tyre.

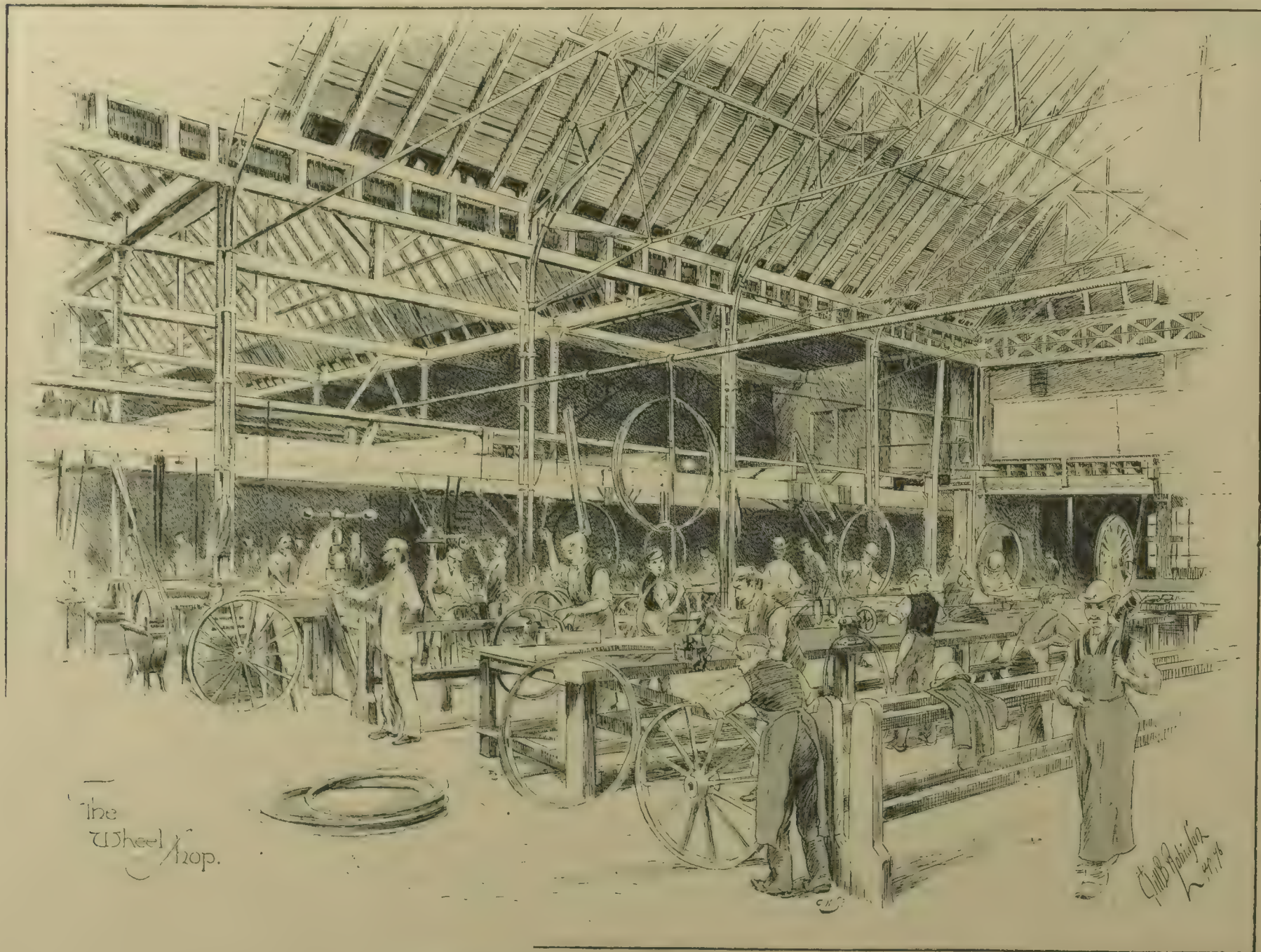
These facts enable one to see how important is the application of the Dunlop-Welch tyre to ordinary carriages. For it is well known that if one of two machines driven with the same power goes twice as fast as the other, it will go at the same speed as the other if driven with half the force. Consequently it follows that the effect of putting the tyres on a carriage is to reduce enormously the strain on the horse, and the rougher the road the greater, proportionately, is the reduction. After many experiments a neat form of wheel has been made, dispensing with the ordinary wooden felloe. Standing round in the Regent Street building were handsome carriages with Dunlop-Welch tyres. The difference between them and carriages with wheels having iron tyres was hardly noticeable by the eye; but the difference in the wear and tear of the carriage, in the strain on the horse, and in the jolting and bumping to those inside is enormous. When the auto-cars come in, they, necessarily having more vibration than horse-drawn vehicles, must adopt the tyre. It is hardly fanciful to suggest that ere the new century arrives the old phrase of “the roar of a great city” will have almost lost its meaning, and the cause will be the employment of the rubber tube of compressed air which Mr. John Boyd Dunlop adapted in order to enable his little boy to hold his own against his schoolfellows, and to render his seat more comfortable. The history of invention contains no more startling case of gigantic swift development of a simple, valuable idea. Its future is probably quite as brilliant as its extraordinary beginning.—X.



THE PNEUMATIC TYRE: INSERTING THE WIRES.

enormous is the demand that to the Coventry works alone each week are sent the component parts for 25,000 tyres, to be made up for England. Actually in one week they have made as many as 21,000 tyres. Of course the business is not confined to the British Islands. As soon as the business was started at Coventry, the members of the Du Cros family who acted for the original company went abroad, and now factories are established in Australia, Canada, France, the United States, Holland, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. Of course, the superiority of the invention had to be demonstrated before foreigners

vibration than horse-drawn vehicles, must adopt the tyre. It is hardly fanciful to suggest that ere the new century arrives the old phrase of “the roar of a great city” will have almost lost its meaning, and the cause will be the employment of the rubber tube of compressed air which Mr. John Boyd Dunlop adapted in order to enable his little boy to hold his own against his schoolfellows, and to render his seat more comfortable. The history of invention contains no more startling case of gigantic swift development of a simple, valuable idea. Its future is probably quite as brilliant as its extraordinary beginning.—X.



THE WHEEL-SHOP AT THE PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY'S WORKS.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I wonder, when Browning expressed his immortal desire to be in England when the April was there, whether his enthusiasm was in any way inspired by the fact that this is the month when, besides the latest things in buds and flowers, you may meet the latest things in millinery—but perhaps it matters little. The dweller in London town at the moment may revel in the flowers and buds in the Park, while she may—if she be a woman of taste—deplore the flowers and buds on the hats, and turn her face in sincerest admiration towards the gowns marked “novel.” The dress this year is exceedingly pretty—there is no doubt about it, and it is exceedingly extravagant, for on every model may be found some soft muslin, chiffon, and lace drapery in white, and this being invariably made of the best quality of its kind, needs, by virtue of its frailty, constant renovation.

The newest muslins are quite delicious, reminding one of nothing but a Dresden china cup, with their tiny little pale-coloured flowers disporting themselves on a white surface, interspersed with straight lines of dark blue. This style is the most attractive, but others, scarcely less successful in their way, show narrow lines of colour set closely together, and others again are in plaid.

The enormous popularity of grass-lawn will speedily bring about a distaste for it, but just now no elaboration of embroidered beads and silk and lace seems too good to be dedicated to its honour. A lovely bodice of grass-lawn which it has been my pleasing task to interview this week is embroidered all over with many-coloured cottons—green, pink, blue, and yellow—and this is supplied with a tabbed basque set upon a frill of black velvet, the front of the bodice turning back with double tabs from neck to waist, edged with tiny little frillings of lace, and showing a front of lace over green chiffon. Many of the gowns are made entirely of muslin, spotted or plain or embroidered, and these look delightful when trimmed with ribbons or lace; and a pleasing model of a plain white muslin gown appears striped with insertions of black lace mounted over a lining of black and white and blue striped satin.

Several of the bodices exhibit a fichu, which terminates on the bust and can be worn or removed at will. These little fichus just give the suggestion of an outdoor garment, and are remarkably pretty made in glacé silk, for instance, to match the bodice which they adorn; and, frilled with white lace, they may be permitted to do duty as bridesmaids' gowns, which shall be completed with canvas skirts.

Canvas is prepared to push all rivals out of its path; new varieties of this are putting in their appearance every day. Its manufacturers are evidently determined that the



A CLOTH GOWN.

tastes of the many shall be considered, for the finest of canvas is to be found together with the coarsest variety, this latter being almost as thick in substance as the woollen canvas upon which we work Berlin wool. Which reminds me that I have met this week, on a model gown, a belt made of very, very coarse canvas in a *ficelle* tone, traced with silk of two dull colours, and studded with turquoise and emeralds and gold.

Belts are very important this year, the newest kind being of white kid, set with pale blue enamel, traced with gold. Others are formed of metal work, encrusted with

jewels; and then, again, the ordinary common webbing may be permitted to form the background to gems of all descriptions, and pale grey kid, if traced with sequins and silken thread, certainly pleads for a share of attention.

Embroidery may be written down as the decorative feature of the styles of 1896. There is a lovely embroidery to be observed decorating the dress sketched on this page, which is made of pale blue poulte de soie, the hem traced with iridescent beads and silver sequins, the front draped with ivory tinted chiffon and lace, the sleeves formed of double frills with a few folds of the same over the shoulders. The iridescent beads which play their part on this gown are very much in evidence just now; they look somewhat like the opal—that stone which fickle fashion has elevated from the lowest abyss of superstitious scorn to the highest pinnacle of popularity—and they are taking the place, to a certain extent, of the sequin.

The other gown sketched is made of cloth of a mastic tone, with black satin ribbon forming the basque and the revers on the corselet bodice, which, together with the epaulettes, is entirely formed of a tracery of jet upon drab canvas. The front of this gown is of chiffon, which hangs in soft frills over the shoulders.

Chiffon continues to be bought by the mile, and, with its silken edge, it appears to make the most delightful frillings; and a model of a summer hat which I have encountered was trimmed with a ruche of white chiffon round the crown, hemmed with a narrow black velvet ribbon, fastened at one side with a large spray of pale-pink roses and a few violets clustering at the base, violets again appearing beneath the brim at the back. It was quite charming.

The newest small hats this year are those made of jet, trimmed with a curled white paradise plume, which, alas! appears to have taken the place of the osprey—so that the milliners still continue to pursue their brutal way—the sole other trimming, as a rule, consisting of a scarf of tulle of one colour lined with tulle of another colour. A very effective small toque may be made of black straw, with black and white tulle, caught into loops round the brim, and a large bunch of lilies-of-the-valley, used osprey-fashion, at one side. Lilies-of-the-valley, under their artificial aspect, are looking up in the world; these have been disregarded now for some time, but they are most attractive, and deserve a certain measure of our affection.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENIE.—Write to Hamilton, the White House, Portrush, and ask them to send you patterns of the Irish tweeds. They have one of a delightful light green tone, which would be a pleasing change from what you justly term “the everlasting blue,” and might yet be worn with vests of every colour. Yes, please do have small sleeves. I promise you you will not regret it.

NATALIE.—Why not copy that gown illustrated in this week's issue, and crown it with a hat of black tulle, trimmed with white roses and black feathers? It is a model that would look very nice in black canvas. Keep the drab tone for the jet traced corselet.

VELA.—Under the circumstances, let me cordially advise you to go to Jay's, in Regent Circus; they have the most delightful models and the most delightful fitters. Of course crêpe is worn still—indeed, I think at the moment it is more patronised than it has been for some years. If you get the best quality, Courtauld's make—they use nothing else at Jay's, I believe—it will wear well.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Illustrations are perpetually arising of the difficulty of understanding foreign nations, and this is, above all, the case as regards the position of the women. China, for instance, is generally supposed to represent about the very ultimate point of the degradation of women, yet the position of the Empress Dowager as supreme ruler for the many years of the present Emperor's minority showed that there must be more than we understood in the case. The yet more striking fact is now revealed that the Emperor, though for some years he has reigned alone, still venerates her, and even continues to do so in the face of the recent warlike reverses of China—for which she was probably not responsible, indeed; but there is always a tendency to blame those who have been in authority for any subsequent mishaps. A document recently officially issued about her by the Emperor explains that he has refused to see ever again certain high officials, because they have spoken unkindly and disrespectfully of this lady, to whom the Emperor and the kingdom owe so much.

I learn that in Japan, too, there is a conspicuous illustration of the influence of a woman being allowed. In this case the power behind many modern reforms is said to be an English lady married to a Jap who is a leading statesman. She is consulted, so my well-informed friend states, as to all the important steps that are made in Europeanising Japan, and is the only person, Japanese or otherwise, who has constant and almost unrestrained audience with the Mikado and his wife.

In Germany, on the other hand, where there are many highly intellectual women, and the general level of civilisation is not low, so that we might expect that the social and legal equality of the sexes would be at least considered, the position of the women is not only inferior as a relic of past prejudices, but also seems in no wise likely to be improved. The new Civil Code that is designed to make the laws of all Germany uniform is not merely framed to retain all the restrictions and inequalities that the German women have to complain of, but will even make their position worse than it has been in many of the States of the Confederation.

A “Woman's Protest” has been drawn up, and has received over sixty thousand women's signatures, which is considered a remarkable demonstration in face of the strong feeling that there is against all such public action on the part of women—among themselves no less than among the men of the country. The “Protest” points out that it is proposed to treat women as fully responsible

persons, able to guide their own action, when it is a question of punishments under the criminal law—no allowance is made there for inferiority and weakness; but in the Civil Code, where it is a question of freedom of action in matters of business or “affairs,” the women are always treated as incompetent. A woman cannot be a guardian for a child, or take part in a “family council”; married women have no property rights, and their contracts and bargains are null without their husbands'



AN EMBROIDERED DRESS.

explicit sanction. The “Protest” points to England as a proof that such restraints are not necessary.

In order to make this protest more effective, a congress is being organised. The movers in this are among the leaders of German women's thought, and it will no doubt be effective if permitted to take place. But this seems doubtful, as the semi-official gazette has already published an article objecting to the plan on the score that the recent Paris Congress showed that the women who take part in such gatherings are Socialists alone! However, the names of the promoters negative such a statement.

Here, by the way, is an illustration of the difficulty of comprehending the actual position of foreign social arrangements. Among those signing the “call” is Frau Bieber-Boehm, who is one of the most distinguished of German artists, the daughter of a well-known man, and the wife of an eminent lawyer. This lady's husband is Herr Bieber—and “Boehm” is her maiden name. I was surprised to hear that a German woman had preserved her individuality in marriage in this decided way; but she told me that it is by no means uncommon to do so in Germany, and cited among other instances the well-known name of Frau Schepppler-Lette, the daughter of Herr Lette, who founded the world-famous institution for the domestic education and industrial training of German girls, patronised by the Empress Frederick, and called the Lette-Verein.

Another point was called to mind in the course of the description of the marriage of Princess Alexandra of Coburg. It was mentioned that the cannon was fired “on the exchanging of the wedding-rings.” German husbands are outwardly and visibly marked as “engaged for good,” as much as German wives. Why should not all husbands, as well as their wives, be required to announce their condition by some such token?

For the Indian women's lot we are in some sort responsible. We ought all to be shocked to hear that a Judge, an English Judge, in India has just ordered heavy damages to be paid for “breach of promise of marriage” to a man who had married a girl as an infant and found that when she came to years of discretion she refused to go to him as her husband. This evil system of child-marriage is part of the Hindu religion; it has no right to be bolstered up by English laws. Spiritual terrors exact it—surely they alone should enforce it.

Hindus, of course, believe in the transmigration of souls, and they are ordered by their priests to marry their daughters before that age at which we think girls marriageable at all; the penalty of the parents who fail to do so being that they will be *insects* in their next existence. An enlightened father might defy the horrors of being a green-backed beetle in his next existence, but the priests add to that a system of excommunication in this world. Now to all this the English law is adding a fine of good money.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1881) of the Right Hon. John Byrne Leicester, Baron De Tabley, who died on Nov. 22, has been proved by Sir Henry Longley, K.C.B., and Sir Baldwyn Leighton, Bart., two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £87,461 17s. 1d. The testator gives £1000 and any house he may occupy other than Tabley, with all the movable chattels and effects, other than money or securities for money, in such house to his sister Eleanor Leicester, Lady Leighton, and legacies of £100 each to his acting executors. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he devises and bequeaths to his executors and trustees, upon trust, to make a settlement thereof upon Lady Leighton for life, with remainder to her second son, Cuthbert Leighton, in tail male.

The will of Lady Emily Maria Williams, of 12, Brunswick Terrace, Brighton, has been proved by her executor and half-brother, the Earl of Leven. The testatrix bequeaths £50 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £50 to the Church Missionary Society; £25 to the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; £25 to the London Bible and Domestic Female Mission; £25 to the City Mission; £50 to the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children; £25 to the Devonshire Hospital (Buxton); £25 to the Sussex County Hospital (Brighton); £50 to the Dorset County Hospital (Dorchester); £25 to the poor of Little Bredy, to be paid to the Rector of that parish for their benefit; £25 to the poor of Glenferness, to be paid to the minister of that parish for their benefit; £25 to the Pastoral Aid Society; and £25 to the Clergy Clothing Society (Miss Broay, Worcester).

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1896) of Mr. James McGregor, of The Grange, Eton Avenue, N.W., and 1, East India Avenue, shipowner, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on April 20 by Douglas McGregor, Allen Gow McGregor, and Bertram McGregor, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £39,245. The testator

gives £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Ann McGregor; £9000, upon trust, for his daughter Jane, and £24 per annum to his niece Jessie Forbes. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said three sons in equal shares as tenants in common.

The will (dated Aug. 25, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 5, 1895), of Alderman Thomas Southam, J.P., of The Hollies, Shrewsbury, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on April 15 by John Downes Southam and Herbert Robert Henry Southam, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £24,537. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £500, the use, for life, of The Hollies, with the furniture, plate, etc., therein, and £500 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Southam; £100 each to his executors; an annuity of £40 to his sister,

Marian Southam; £2500 to his son Herbert Robert Henry Southam; £4000 each, upon trust, for his daughters; and £100 to each of his grandchildren. He gives the plate and pictures presented to him when Mayor of Shrewsbury, subject to his wife's life interest, to his four sons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his four sons in equal shares.

The Irish probate of the will (dated July 7, 1890), with two codicils (dated July 30, 1893, and July 3, 1894), of Sir John Ball Greene, C.B., C.E., of 53, Raglan Road, Dublin, who died on Feb. 4, granted to John Irving Courtenay and John Tweedy, the executors, was resealed in London on April 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £21,681. The testator gives £250 to his wife, Lady Charlotte Mary Greene, £100 to Mrs. Mary Brasington, and, subject thereto, leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 8, 1893) of Sir Charles Umpherston Aitchison, C.S.I., of St. Christophers, Banbury Road, Oxford, who died on

Feb. 18, granted to Beatrice Lyell Aitchison, the widow, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on April 20, the value of the personal estate amounting to £17,959.

The will of Mr. Edward Meredith Parratt, of Bessborough House, Balham Road, Upper Tooting, the Chief Clerk of the House of Lords, who died on March 12, was proved on April 15 by Arthur Churchyard, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5811.

The will of Mr. John Kinloch Grieg, of Rosemount, North Hill Road, Headingley, Leeds, who died on Dec. 3, was proved on March 27 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Sarah Hannah Grieg, the widow, Duncan McBean



THE CLARENCE PIER, SOUTHSEA: BUILDINGS TO BE REMOVED.

The War Office and Admiralty recently appointed a joint committee of military and naval officers to examine plans for the defence of Southsea and Portsmouth town and harbour against a hostile squadron which might possibly run in past the forts at Spithead. It is considered that the buildings on the Clarence Pier, the Esplanade Hotel and the Pavilion, which are in the direct line of view, and of artillery fire, between the King's Bastion and the entrance channel, must be immediately removed.

Photo Stephen Gild.

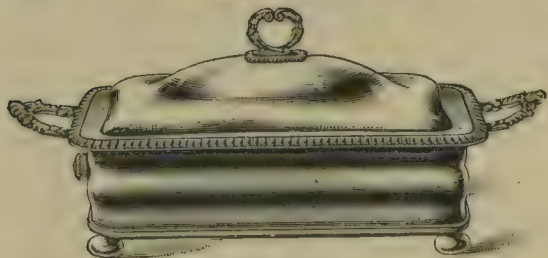


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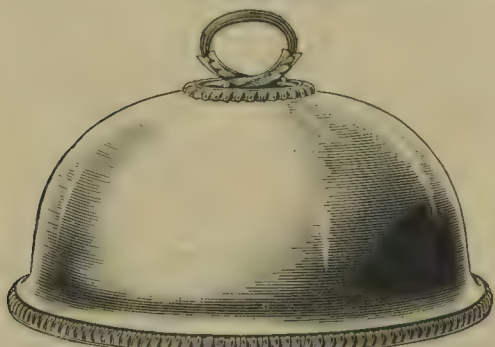
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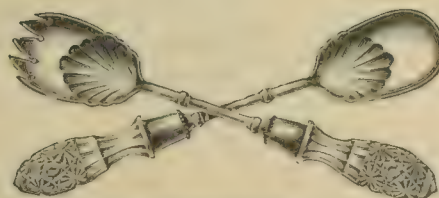


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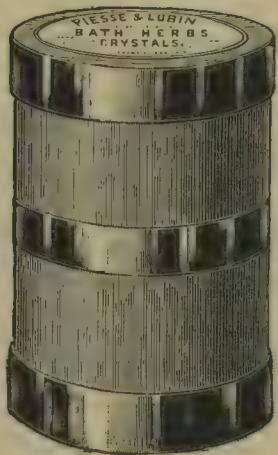
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Grieg, the son, and John Collow Kerr, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4288.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Montague Mordaunt Ainslie, J.P., of Crescent Villa, Windermere, Westmorland, who died on March 22, intestate, were granted on April 18 to Miss Sophia Horatio Ainslie, the sister and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate being £1286.

The will of Mr. William Curteis, J.P., of Eastwell House, Tenterden, Kent, who died on March 3, was proved on April 16 by Mrs. Fanny Ann Curteis, the widow, and Richard Neve, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3316.

The threatened strike in the building trade is estimated to affect about 60,000 workmen in London. This decision has been arrived at owing to the dissatisfaction felt by the members of the unions about the non-existence of a recognised code of working rules. The master builders in 1894 gave notice that they desired to put an end to the agreement then in existence, and ever since no regular rules have been in force. The demand which the workmen put forward consists of a code of working rules for the London district. Copies of these rules have been sent by the Federated Council to the Central Association of Master Builders. Several masters are willing to grant the advance of a halfpenny which has been asked for.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I should like to supplement the notes I made last week on the subject of Mr. Willard's acting in "The Rogue's Comedy," and of the admirable example of literature given to the modern stage by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in this very interesting play, by a description of the scene that followed the descent of the curtain. I have always understood that an English audience, so celebrated all over the world as imbued with the spirit of fair play, graciously gave its applause and thanks in consideration of the obvious merit of play and player, and reserved its punishment of hisses for any act of grossly bad taste on the stage or for trash or solecisms on the part of the author; but I regret to say that an offensive personal element has recently been the distinguishing feature of our first-night audiences, and the class of men who fill our letter-boxes with scurrilous anonymous letters are allowed by the majority, the "fair-play's-a-jewel" majority, to vent their spleen and their spite on such as have incurred their displeasure. Now, there was nothing whatever in "The Rogue's Comedy," from first to last, from the rise to the fall of the curtain—nothing in the acting, nothing whatever in the play—to call for a shadow of condemnation. Those who saw the play were at liberty to like or dislike it; but to make a determined attempt to hiss the author, and to yell at him as if he were some mad dog, was contrary to the

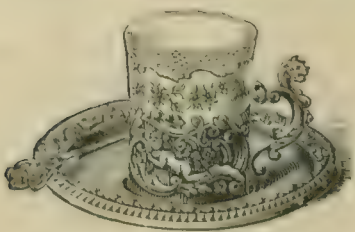
spirit of justice. For a good half-hour these author and critic baiters remained yelling like the foolish lads at Commemoration, and to my surprise the management omitted to do what every East-End manager would do—clear the gallery and promptly end a disturbance. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones was well advised to make no appearance whatever. Mr. Willard was equally well advised to make no speech whatever. A silly idea has got abroad that a man who has failed to please an insignificant minority is bound to come out and "take his punishment like a man." I have observed no signs of courage on the part of these disturbers of the peace. For my own part, I do not think it very courageous to hiss an innocent woman who happens to be sitting by the side of a man who has conscientiously done his duty according to his lights; nor do I think it very courageous to follow an unarmed man with sticks and stones in the streets, and threaten him with personal violence, taking to their heels at the sight of a policeman; nor do I think it very courageous to write anonymous letters of the most filthy description. But opinions differ on the subject of courage. I think it is better shown by facing a mob than running away. On this subject Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has spoken out bravely and to the point. Every public and independent man must inevitably make enemies, but it is in the theatre alone that the minority is seldom, if ever, awed down by the majority, fully capable of putting down these disgraceful disturbances, which are, I regret to say, secretly and openly

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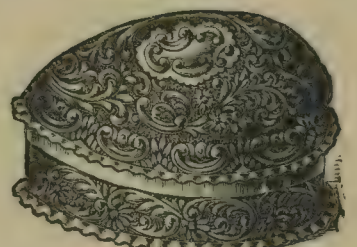
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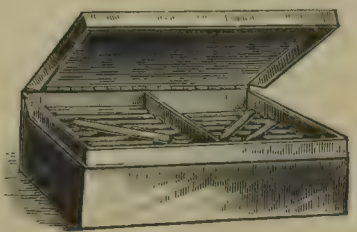
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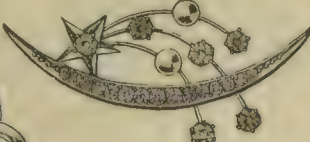
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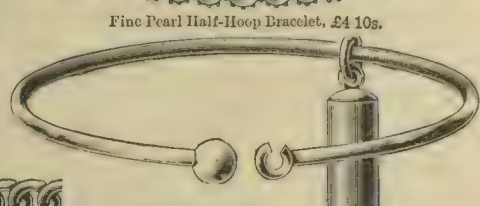
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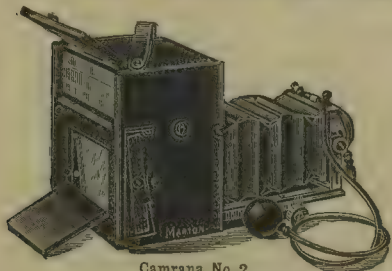


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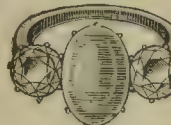
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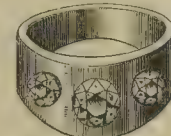
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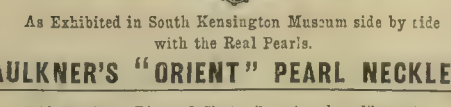
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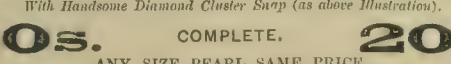
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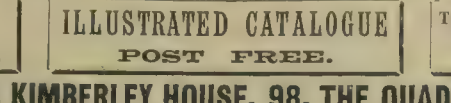
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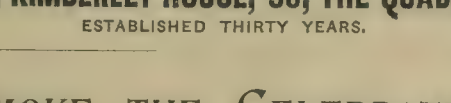
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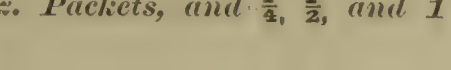
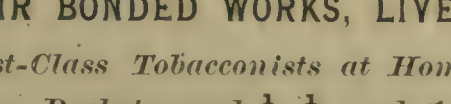
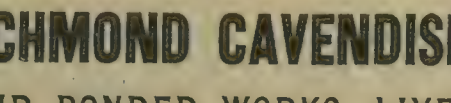
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encouraged by those who ought to know better. There are three obvious things to be done: First, for every author to refuse to appear on the stage at all under any circumstances, for the ironical cheers of compliment are in most cases the decoy-duck to draw down the storm; secondly, for the fair-play majority to refuse to be ruled and coerced by the ungenerous minority; thirdly, for a manager of pluck to try a test case at the nearest police-court. The Messrs. Gatti did this once; and it was pitiful to behold the dejected countenances and the miserable fear of these men or boys who talk of pluck and punishment. Up to a certain point hissing is as legal in a theatre as applause, but it is not legal to disturb the general peace in a theatre, nor is it legal to turn a play-house into a bear-garden. The manager who puts down this nuisance with a strong hand will be a public benefactor, and deserve well of all who write plays, who review plays, and, indeed, of all self-respecting and generous playgoers in the community.

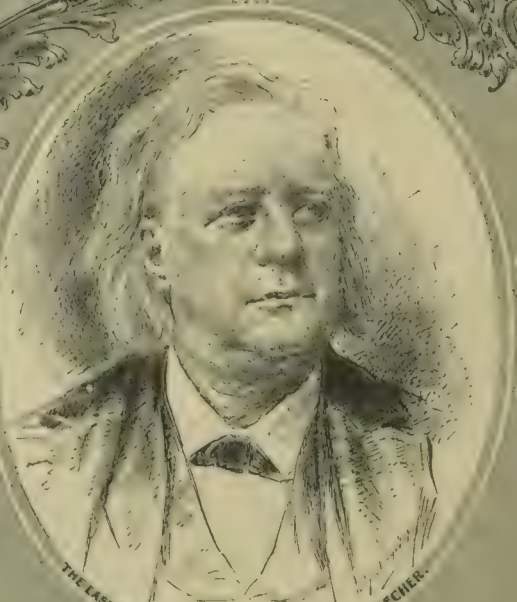
London in recent years has seen no more delightful entertainment than the Japanese "Geisha" at Daly's Theatre, which marks a new career in comic opera pioneered by Mr. George Edwardes. That the word does not rhyme with Asia, as has been suggested, is patent enough to anyone with a musical ear. There is no rhyme to Geisha, but the word of two syllables could not by any possibility be made to rhyme with one of three, except as

a cockney or vulgar rhyme, which is, of course, an incorrect one. A *couleur-de-rose* air has, of course, been thrown over the details of Japanese life. They do not marry or give in marriage in the tea-houses of Japan, and if anyone wants to know exactly the kind of happy-go-lucky life led by mousmees and Geisha girls, samisen-players, and tea-house idols, they cannot do better than read that delightful story called "Madame Chrysanthème" by Pierre Loti, an admirable English illustrated edition of which has been published by the Messrs. Routledge. This is the true story of Japanese life, written by a sailor who visited Nagasaki on board his ship, and it must have been this delightful sunny romance that suggested Mr. Owen Hall's pretty play, which is a feast to the eye in colour and a delight to the ear owing to the charming music of Mr. Sidney Jones and Mr. Lionel Monckton. All the spirit of Japan has been happily caught. There is no jarring note of vulgarity or commonplace. We see the "flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la, la" on Japanese tea-houses and in public gardens; we are taken to chrysanthemum shows and carp-ponds; we have a peep at mighty Fujiyama, "the monarch of mountains"; and as the dresses and stuffs all worked by hand are all exported from Japan, the stage has seen nothing like them. The fashionable tea-gown of the future will surely be a Japanese Kimono with a lovely

obi. These merry little pattering and laughing Japs are well contrasted with some splendid examples of womanhood, headed by Miss Maude Hobson and Miss Hetty Hamer; and the musical and artistic burden of this poem of a play falls on Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Letty Lind, who have never been seen to such advantage in the whole of their meritorious career. Miss Tempest is a Japanese Geisha to the life, and she sings the music allotted to her to perfection, and Miss Letty Lind personates a merry little English girl who dresses up as a tea-house mousmee and sings the quaintest of songs in the most original and attractive fashion. There are few more popular actresses on the English stage to-day than Letty Lind. Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Monkhouse, Miss Juliette Nesville, and others give cordial and useful assistance.

I wonder what Shaksperian purists, who will not allow poor Mr. Augustin Daly to edit Shakspeare's plays for the stage, a course conscientiously adopted by every manager from Macready to Henry Irving, will say when they hear that the very same thing has been done in the new Haymarket version of "Henry IV." I conclude they will argue according to their wont, that what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander; or spend their spare time unprofitably, as usual, in wondering why some people like one newspaper and some another, and tilting against windmills.

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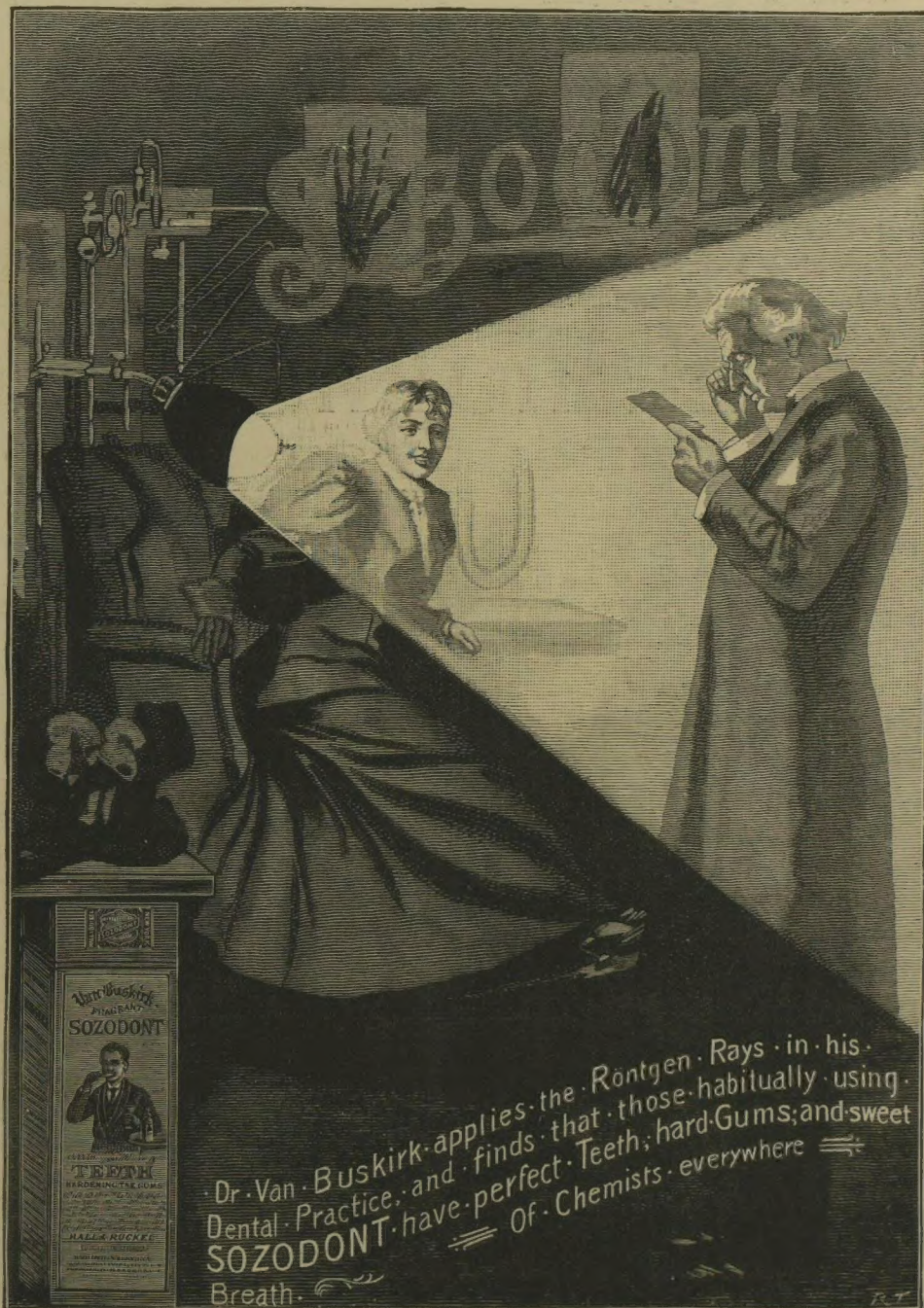
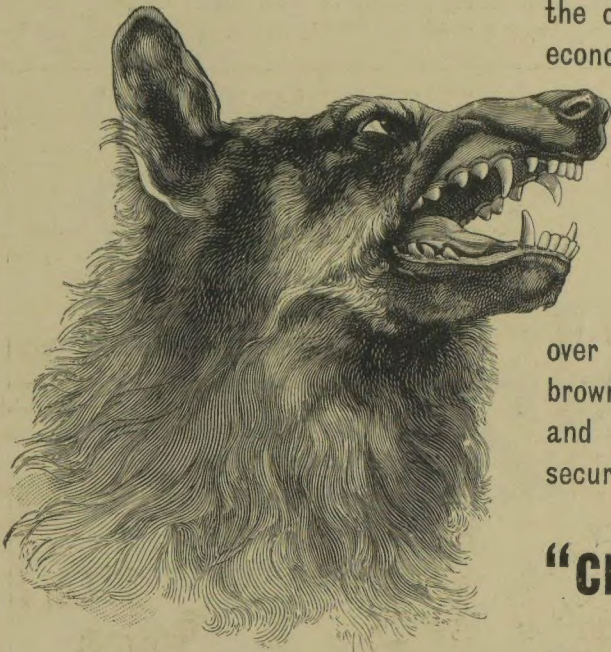
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ART NOTES.

Rosa Bonheur's fame as an animal-painter has suffered little in the long interval which separates us from her first and successful appeal to the British public by "The Horse Fair," now one of the most popular pictures in our National Collection. It is nearly fifty years since that picture (or its first version) was painted; and although since then Rosa Bonheur has gone in pursuit of Scotch cattle, African lions, and Asian tigers, she comes back once more to the theme of her earliest successes. "The Duel," now on view at Mr. Lefevre's Gallery (King Street, St. James's), represents the real or mythical contest between the famous "Godolphin Arabian" and "Hobgoblin" for the favours of "Roxana." Whatever grounds there may have been for the ingenious story, told at great length in the catalogue, there is no doubt

that a strain of the "blue blood" of "Scham"—afterwards known as the "Godolphin Arabian"—is traceable in the long line of racers down to Blink Bonny and Bend Or. Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has not, perhaps, chosen the most attractive episode in the life of "a thoroughbred," but she has rendered with marvellous vigour and skill the exciting struggle between two powerful and finely shaped horses; and depicts the moment when, the teeth of the Arabian firmly set in the crest of his English rival, victory is about to declare itself on the side of Sultan Achmet's barb.

At the Guildhall Art Gallery the Loan Exhibition this spring is limited to water-colours by artists of the British school. As in preceding years, the committee have succeeded in bringing together a number of interesting and representative works, but it is doubtful if they will

appeal to popular taste as forcibly as the oil-paintings of previous exhibitions. The series embraces the period from Varley and Turner to Rossetti and J. W. North, and probably the greatest attraction will be the twenty vignettes by Turner for an illustrated edition of Campbell's Poems. They now belong to Sir Donald Currie, and have never before been exhibited. Apart from their exquisite beauty, they will furnish fresh materials for the controversy as to the permanency of water-colour pigments, for they seem, for the most part, to retain all the vividness of their original tones. William Hunt's "Birds' Nests" and "Flowers" will also attract the more home keeping, while Prout and James Holland will interest those who like to compare their present recollections of Nuremberg, Venice, and other picturesque spots with the appearance they presented fifty years or more ago.

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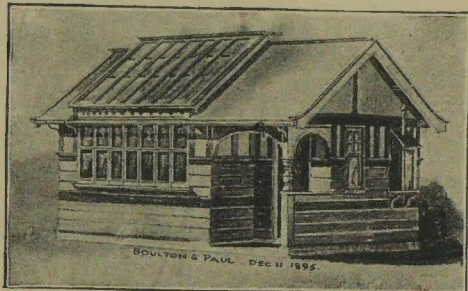


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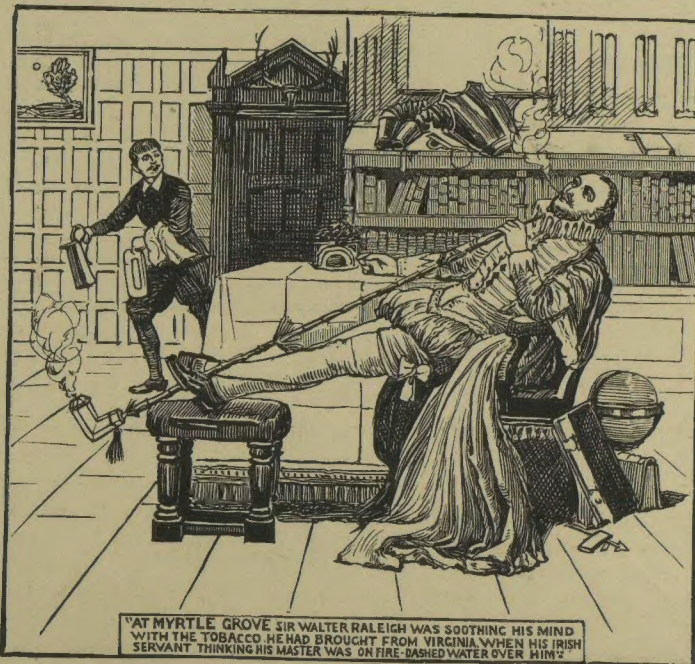
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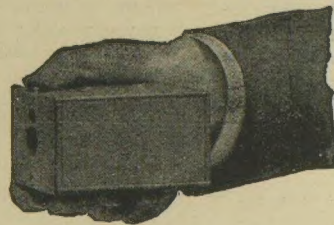
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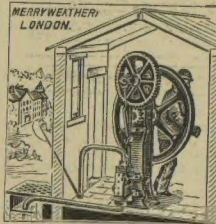
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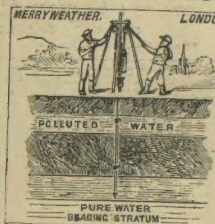
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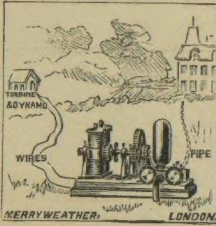
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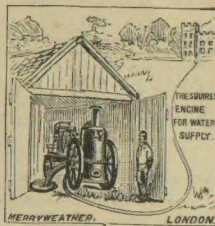
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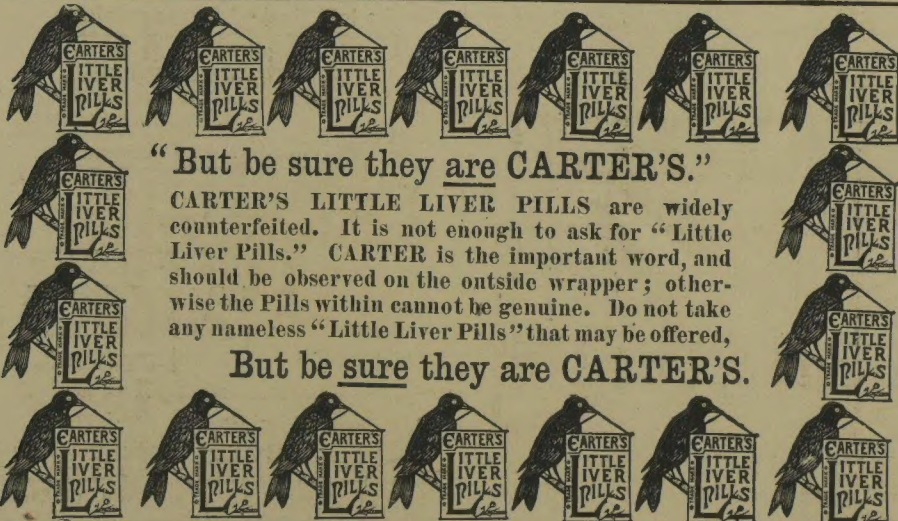


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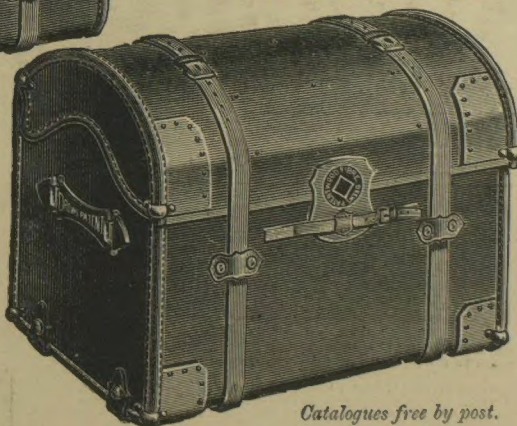
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